VARESE: Benjamin Boretz

THE NATION

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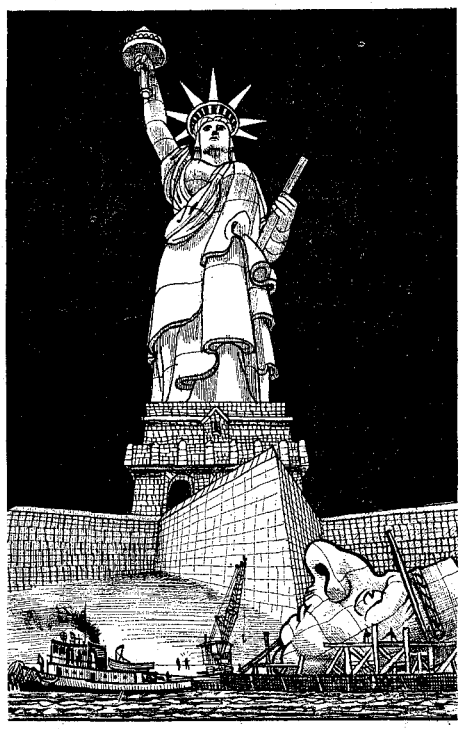
DE GAULLE
America's Elder Statesman

ALEXANDER WERTH



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Conscience of an Art Colony

PREJUDICE BY THE SEA

Frank Potter

SPAIN: War and Art

Ana María Matute and Jose Yglesias

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LETTERS

Army of Sisyphus

Chappaqua, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Although "How To End the Draft" by Prof. Ross Wilhelm (*The Nation,* Nov. 15) was a comprehensive, to-the-point *reductio ad absurdum* of our present military conscription policy, there are a few other aspects that make it even more ridiculous than he depicts it.

Throughout our society, for example, there is preached the doctrine of incentive rewards. To decry this doctrine is to risk being regarded as a Communist. Yet the military services do not offer incentive rewards but drag in the young as though they were so many Chinese coolies—or Chinese Communists.

On the other hand, the suppliers of military hardware and services are very much on the incentive-reward system. In order to engage their services the government must guarantee fat profits. If young men should be forced to serve in the armed forces at coolie pay, why should not these suppliers do their job at cost plus a purely symbolic fee? . . .

Of broader significance is the fact that the United States is very gradually slipping into the position of the Roman Empire, dedicated without any debate or public decision of any sort to maintaining a Pax Americana all over the world. Like the conscript Roman legions who were continually engaged, until the empire collapsed of its own excesses, in beating back "barbarians," i.e., non-Romans, wherever they created a distubance, so our conscript legions are called upon to quell everyone who breaks the peace on the theory that they are Communists, the modern version of the barbarians.

The Romans never did quell the barbarians, from whom most of us are descended. Are our conscripts doomed to carry on a similar endless labor of Sisyphus? . . .

Ferdinand Lundberg

Klan probe

New York City

Dear Sirs: Walter Goodman's "The Klan Discovers HUAC" [*The Nation,* Nov. 8] displays more wit than accuracy. . . .Goodman writes: "Despite complaints of HUAC's opponents, the Supreme Court has never declared that the production of laws is the sole legitimate excuse for the existence of the committees of Congress." While it has been allowed by the Court that Congress may decide against legislating after an investigation, the relationship of inquiry to legislation has been deemed vital. This goes back to *Kilbourne* v. *Thompson* a century ago, the Sinclair case in the '20s, and more lately in the Watkins case. Chief Justice Warren, for the majority, said, "No inquiry is an end in itself. It must be related to, and in furtherance of, a legitimate task of the Congress." . . .

Goodman uncritically repeats Weltner's acrid gratuitous smear at the conclusion of Shelton's dubious "testimony," to the effect that grave doubts were now shed on the sincerity of the protesters against HUAC's hearings, and the validity of their protests in the past, as last May in Chicago, when the "leftists" were the object of the committee's attack. Why? Weltner adduced this totally unrelated charge from the lack of picket lines or other demonstrable fervor evinced by HUAC's opponents this time. Goodman ought surely to know and mention that it is illegal to picket on Capitol grounds, and that protests were, on the contrary, organized against these hearings. Kindly note critical resolutions of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, CORE, SNCC, ACLU, Commission of Religion & Race of the National Council of Churches, and that of thirty of the country's most distinguished church leaders organized by the National Committee To Abolish HUAC (see *Christian Century,* Sept. 22). . . .

Goodman compounds his errors. "The notion of many liberals that these men were plotting to turn the K.K.K. hearing into an attack on the civil rights movement was understandable but misconceived." Nothing of the sort. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., speaking for SCLC and backed by other civil rights groups, said that a HUAC probe of the Klan would provide the opening wedge for an attack on them—for balance. . . . The opposition alleges and implies that HUAC undoubtedly sought through this hearing a dual purpose: (1) to retrieve its damaged national image with this specious "liberal" stance, and (2) to allow the government to evade its responsibilities down in Dixie. . . .

Sylvia E. Crane
Vice-Chairman, National Committee To Abolish HUAC

White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: If the Supreme Court accepted Mrs. Crane's notions of what is unconstitutional behavior, the Committee To Abolish HUAC could abolish itself without further ado. But Congress has a long and by no means discreditable history of investigating for purposes that are not primarily legislative—though, to be sure, legislation is always a *potential* objective.

It is true that civil rights organizations have issued statements opposing

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Presidential War

The purposeful semantic confusion about police actions, "an advisory role," and the rest of it can now be discarded. American combat forces are suffering nearly half the casualties and doing most of the ground fighting in South Vietnam; practically all plane attacks on North Vietnam have been made by U.S. pilots; American officers are now in command of numerous South Vietnam units; the costs of the war far exceed the $1 million a day of a year ago, and 1,000 American casualties have been reported to date. Nor is the end in sight: more troops are being sent, more planes are being flown in. Indeed the greater the degree of our involvement, the longer the shadows extend. Listen to a few of many warning voices: Gov. George Romney, "the attitude at home is too optimistic . . . my impression is that this war could get a lot worse before it gets better"; Jack Foisie in a *Washington Post* Saigon dispatch quotes an "astute American official": "it will take a generation"; and Sen. John Stennis, Chairman of the Preparedness Investigating Committee, "it is sad but true that many of the 6-year-old youngsters who started to school this year can expect some time in their lives to patrol the swamps and mountains of Vietnam . . . the most serious and as yet unanswered question [remains] what happens when we win in Vietnam?" Patently, the South Vietnamese are exhibiting a diminishing enthusiasm for the war, and rumors of still another *coup d'état* are spreading. From Taipei our faithful ally and retainer, Chiang Kai-shek, reports that the Vietnam war cannot be won in Vietnam "no matter how many troops" we send in.

These views may be wrong, but they cannot be dismissed out of hand; they suggest the urgent need for a general reappraisal before the next—the irreversible—steps and decisions are taken. The fact is that we are now engaged in a full-scale war in Vietnam, not in an "advisory" capacity but in our own name. The extraordinary aspect of this war is that it is being waged not by a declaration of the Congress pursuant to Article I, Section 8, Clause II of the Constitution, but by Presidential fiat. Korea is not a precedent for this type of unilateral action, since we fought there under the thin cover of United Nations sanction. (These and other legal issues are ably developed in a Memorandum of Law on "American Policy Vis-à-Vis Vietnam" just issued by the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Toward Vietnam, copies of which can be obtained from the committee at 38 Park Row, New York, N.Y. 10038.) Never has so large, so dangerous, or so costly a war been fought without formal Congressional authorization. Clearly the President cannot continue to wage his war in Vietnam much longer without asking Congress for a declaration; he has been quite explicit that "this is really war."

Yet a declaration would make it increasingly difficult to restrain the hawks who have been itching to strike at Hanoi and Haiphong, and it would greatly complicate the problem of negotiating a settlement. Before taking such an irreversible step, the President should give renewed thought to the urgent arguments for taking the issues directly to the United Nations. Now that we are an unconcealed belligerent, we are not in a good position to initiate negotiations for a cease-fire or a settlement. For this task we need the services of the sorely tried Secretary-General, who may still be able to arrange the meeting with the North Vietnamese that we would have none of prior to the first Tuesday of November, 1964. By the same token, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee should schedule hearings at the earliest date on the dangers of Presidential wars launched without clear constitutional sanction, without sharply defined or realizable objectives, and, more important, without regard to our obligations under the Charter of the United Nations.

The Paranoid Style

> *The distinguishing thing about the paranoid style is not that its exponents see conspiracies or plots here and there in history, but that they regard a "vast" or "gigantic" conspiracy as the motive force in historical events. History is a conspiracy, set in motion by demonic forces of almost transcendent power. . . . The paranoid spokesman sees the fate of this conspiracy in apocalyptic terms—he traffics in the birth and death of whole worlds, whole political orders, whole systems of human values. He is always manning the barricades of civilization.*

Thus Richard Hofstadter in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*. Mr. Hofstadter is writing about the feverish visions that haunt the far Right and the far Left on the domestic political scene. But he has also provided an apt description of the "style" of American foreign policy in the post-World-War II period. The *Congressional Record* continues to be studded with speeches in which otherwise rational men denounce the "international Communist conspiracy" in terms that exactly fit Hofstadter's description of "the paranoid style." The state papers of John Foster Dulles will be found to contain numerous examples of this same style at its blowziest; indeed it has become the language of American diplomacy. The strange alliances we have formed, the billions we have spent on foreign military aid, the dubious methods we have pursued in counterinsurgency and similar endeavors, are but a few of the consequences of overindulgence in this style and the hallucinations from which it springs.

On the domestic scene we have come to reject "the paranoid style" as it is practiced by spokesmen, say,

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for the John Birch Society, but we are reluctant to concede that the pursuit of American foreign policy could, in any degree, be characterized as paranoid. The excuses usually advanced in the past to explain our indulgence in it have long since lost whatever validity they originally possessed. "The international Communist conspiracy" has now been supplanted by a number of "Communist conspiracies" in some of which Communists conspire against other Communists. Yet we continue to interpret "*the* international Communist conspiracy" in apocalyptic terms and to impute to it transcendent powers; we cannot rid ourselves of the delusion that all revolutions are Communist-inspired, that is, that history is a conspiracy.

The New York Times has suggested that if we were as politically mature as we like to think we are, we would elect to regard the recent Supreme Court 8-to-0 decision, declaring unconstitutional the 1950 statute that individual members of the Communist Party must register, as marking "the end of an era." Logically, we should then proceed to extirpate, in all its manifold forms, the notion that an American citizen does not have the right to be a Communist. The failure to concede this right was what set the stage for the "paranoid style" in American domestic politics which, in turn, has so deeply influenced American foreign policy. Sooner or later, if we are ever to fashion a more realistic and workable policy, the paranoid aspects of the assumptions underlying cold-war diplomacy must be critically examined and rejected; otherwise our spokesmen will continue to live in fear not of "the enemy" but of domestic political blackmail on the Communist issue. Communists are not ten feet tall. Communist power is neither transcendent nor monolithic. Coexistence with the several brands of communism to be found in the world today is not only feasible, it is imperative. We can no more preserve intact the fabric of constitutional liberties while denying the right of a citizen to be a Communist than we can secure world peace while engaged in a global war against "the international Communist conspiracy."

Cambodia Vindicated

The image of Prince Norodom Sihanouk in the American press is that of a capricious, hypersensitive sophisticate who has permitted himself to become a puppet of Chinese power. But from time to time the curtain of "the official line" is raised a notch or two and a different presence emerges. Seymour Topping's fine series of *New York Times* articles in mid-October pointed out that the Prince is genuinely indignant about the incursion of South Vietnamese troops into Cambodia; it was on this issue that he broke relations with the United States. The Prince reported to Topping that there had been 726 border incursions, of which nine were particularly serious, in 1964, as against 476, of which three were serious, during 1965.

Topping went on to say that intelligence reports had failed to sustain the old charge that the Vietcong were using Cambodia as a sanctuary or as a supply route. True, he pointed out that it would take an army thirty times larger than Cambodia's 30,000 troops to police the border effectively and that doubtless some Vietcong had sought refuge from time to time on Cambodian soil. But his conclusion was clear: "United States intelligence has not reported any confirmed instances of the interception of arms being smuggled across the frontier. It is the consensus of Western diplomats and independent observers stationed in Cambodia that the country is not a major sanctuary or a major route for the delivery of military equipment and supplies to the Vietcong. This was also the prevailing view among American officials posted in Pnompenh before the severance of diplomatic relations."

The recent release of a hitherto "secret" report of the International Control Commission in London lends strong support to Topping's findings. The ICC investigated eight instances between May, 1964, and May, 1965, in which Cambodia had charged violations of its territory by South Vietnamese troops and reported, unanimously, that the eight charges were true. It also found that none of these incursions had been provoked by any action of the Cambodian Government. Dated July 15, 1965, and released in London, the report has attracted little attention in the American press. "No comment" is all that the State Department has had to say about it thus far. What the report proves is that this country has been aiding, advising, equipping, training and financing South Vietnamese incursions against a member state of the United Nations in clear violation of the Charter. If the report were generally available here, it might serve to reduce by several decibels the self-righteous tone of State Department pronouncements and bring the "image" of Sihanouk into a somewhat closer approximation with reality.

The Lemmings

Periodically a "task force" or a "study group" or a Congressional panel cranks up the old statistical machine and turns out admonitions and warnings about man's seeming intent to reproduce himself into a crowded, uncomfortable and even starving condition. It was heard once more at the recent White House Conference on Health.

Each night 30 million Americans go to bed hungry; each year a quarter million illegitimate babies are born in this country; by the end of the century, at the present birth rate, our population will have grown by one-third and, more frightening, the world's will have doubled. The Atlantic seaboard from Boston to the Carolinas will become, in Sen. Ernest Gruening's phrase, "a sprawling megalopolis with an asphalt floor" and the Pacific Coast "a huge motor slum." Elsewhere in the world, where the birth rate is even more disastrous, a panicky citizenry can be expected to turn to such remedies as in Chile, where in just one year there were 54,000 hospital admissions for complications arising from abortions.

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Obviously somebody needs help. It is probably not assuming too much, for example, to suppose that the quarter million unmarried women who had children last year would have preferred to avoid pregnancy. And surely it is no wild assumption to say that mothers whose existing brood go to bed hungry, or who eat in shifts, would rather not add to the line-up. Ignorance, and sometimes poverty—not shiftlessness—are at the root of it, as medical-social workers discover again and again.

Of the several billion dollars being spent this year by the Agency for International Development, reportedly only $1 million is going for birth-control instruction. One million dollars. That compares to the $32 million we are spending on foot-and-mouth research. So much for our much-touted concern for a hungry and ever hungrier world.

At home we do better, but not much. Officials of the anti-poverty program only a few days ago agreed to expand their program for married women to include those living in rural areas. The first grant, a tightwad $22,684, goes to York, Pa. Washington is so slow to kindle enthusiasm for birth control that last year when Senators approached the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for a statement of the extent to which the federal government is giving money to the states to operate family-planning clinics, they were told that HEW didn't keep records of that type. More recent inquiries indicate that that is still HEW's policy. And Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of Planned Parenthood Federation, was hardly exaggerating when he said that federal policy and federal programs are not always the same, pointing out that although Secretary of Interior Stewart L. Udall made birth-control devices available to reservation Indians five months ago, only one out of every fourteen Indians has actually been brought into the program.

Three generations ago there was a federal law against sending contraceptive information through the mail. We have come some distance from that, but the real evidence of progress will be some sign that President Lyndon Johnson and the Congress have decided what to do about the proposal of the White House Conference that up to $75 million (roughly the cost of two space shots) be spent to supply all American women with birth-control instruction and devices, if they want them. But especially they are to be supplied to the poor, many of whom literally do not know where the babies come from.

Voyage to Nowhere

The New York Times has suggested editorially that "the first question raised by the ugly *Yarmouth Castle* disaster is how long can this country continue to allow unsafe foreign-flag vessels to risk the lives of hundreds of American travelers for an easy tourist dollar."

That's a good question, and we can answer it. The risk will probably continue as long as the State Department and the Department of Commerce persist in spooking Congress with the warning that to require foreign-flag cruise ships to upgrade their safety standards would ruin us.

Rep. Edward Garmatz of Maryland, who co-sponsored legislation last session that would have forced the "junkyard flotilla," as one witness called it, to submit to the same safety inspections that American ships must undergo, says that the State Department "raised hell" with him for doing it. And in a letter to the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, an Assistant Secretary of State argued that to insist on safe standards for the foreign-flag cruise ships that carry half a million Americans every year would be "unreasonable discrimination."

As for the Commerce Department, its minions came before that committee and tearfully deplored any such safety upgrading because it might, indeed, put some of the junk ships out of business and thus "have an adverse effect upon the economics of the Caribbean islands." Commerce Department sincerity in this might be more believable if it were not by now well known that its main objective is not to help a few islands in the Caribbean but to gut the U.S. passenger fleet; for months it has been trying to disband our fleet as uneconomical and to give all such business to foreign ships, safe or otherwise.

The role of the travel agent is also important. When the safety legislation was coming up in Congress this year, the AFL-CIO Maritime Committee sent out to 5,000 travel agents a startlingly prophetic four-page leaflet, the front page of which showed a burning ship. Written over the flames was the warning, "Beware Floating Firetraps—Substandard Foreign-Flag Cruise Ships Can Turn Your Holiday into a Holocaust." The leaflet listed some of the more notorious cruise ships—including the *Yarmouth Castle*.

But that argument was not as persuasive as the evidence that in 1964, for example, foreign-flag ships carried 90 per cent of American cruise tourists (with revenues totaling $100 million). The president of the American Society of Travel Agents, Inc., wrote the House committee that his organization "enthusiastically" opposed the safety legislation because it would hurt business.

And so—despite testimony that a dozen of the foreign-flag cruisers are more than thirty years old, despite testimony about cruise ships that carry canvas firehoses riddled with one-inch holes and lifeboats equipped with broken oars mended with string—the safety legislation was allowed to die. This is all regrettable, but reviewing it does not answer the *Times*' question of how long *"can"* this country allow unsafe foreign ships to risk American lives.

It can go on until an old law is reviewed and reinterpreted intelligently. Since 1886, federal law has prohibited any foreign vessel from transporting passengers between ports in the United States, either directly or by way of a foreign port. Lawbreakers would have to pay a $200 fine for each passenger carried. But in 1912 the Attorney General ruled that this law did not apply to foreign ships taking U.S. passengers on a round trip which returns to the same port. That,

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the Attorney General said, was a voyage to "nowhere."

When that silly ruling is nullified, as all logic demands, then the problem will be done away with in a stroke, and the business of cruising American citizens will have been returned to American ships, inspected by the U.S. Coast Guard under the strongest safety regulations in the world.

Do Animals Have Rights?

Albert Schweitzer preached "reverence for life" and carried it to such an extreme that he is said to have halted a hospital building project because an ant hill was in the way. In the West, such a view will gain few adherents, but equally rare are persons indifferent to brutal treatment of living creatures, especially those sufficiently docile and affectionate to qualify as household pets. Yet one does not need to be an anti-vivisectionist to become disturbed by widespread laboratory mistreatment and, surprisingly, this appears to be more common in the United States, where Park Avenue poodles promenade in boots and fur coats, than in less affluent Britain.

The British have a tight regulatory system. No one is allowed to experiment on animals without a Home Office license, which is issued only after close investigation of the applicant's professional qualifications and sense of responsibility. Thereafter the work is subject to constant Home Office inspection. Infringement of the regulations may lead not only to withdrawal of license but to prosecution.

In America, a distressing phase of the problem is procurement of animals for experimentation. According to an article by Patrick Young in the October 11 *National Observer*, serious abuses occur in some areas of this sizable industry. Researchers at medical facilities receiving federal funds used more than 1,750,000 dogs and 500,000 cats in 1964, at an estimated cost of between $30 million and $50 million. Rep. Joseph Resnick (D., N.Y.) says that "overwhelming evidence" shows a substantial percentage of these cats and dogs to have been family pets which had been stolen from their homes. The Humane Society of the United States, a national association of local humane societies, estimates the number of dogs stolen annually at 1 million, the great majority for medical research.

Stealing dogs is an occupation. Some "dognapers" bring a bitch in heat into a suitable neighborhood late at night and pick up the male dogs that come forth. Often the "dognapers" wear uniforms and impersonate dog catchers. Many humane society employees sell dogs to laboratory suppliers without giving the owners a chance to retrieve them. Children's pets disappear in this way. At dog auctions, the animals are kept in filthy, overcrowded quarters and sold by weight. One auctioneer in Pennsylvania grossed about $750,000 last year, buying and selling 500 dogs a week, with puppies bringing as little as 10c apiece.

In the first session of the 89th Congress Sen. Joseph Clark (D., Pa.) and Representative Resnick introduced bills aimed at this situation. These and some parallel bills would regulate interstate commerce in animals used in research by requiring licensing of dealers and empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to set standards for humane treatment. Medical researchers appeared to oppose the bills on the ground that they might open the way for anti-vivisectionist obstruction. One would suppose that the effect should be the opposite. The board of directors of the American Association for the Advancement of Science said as much when it passed a resolution last March reaffirming the association's stand for humane treatment of laboratory animals, and in effect calling for federal legislation to curb abuses.

De Gaulle

America's Elder Statesman . . . .

Alexander Werth

Paris

It was a piece of good showmanship. France had generally assumed that de Gaulle, though 75 on November 21, would run for President in the December 5 election; but he kept the country waiting for a definite yes, and in the last few days before his TV announcement of November 4 even let it be suspected that he might *not* run. It had been announced a few days earlier that the technicians and cameramen who were to shoot the film at 6 P.M. would remain incommunicado at the Elysée Palace until after the 8 o'clock announcement. This suggested that de Gaulle planned a dramatic surprise, and his yes, when it finally came, produced a universal sigh of relief.

Not that the French people as a whole had been uncritical of de Gaulle. But they foresaw a long period of political unrest and confusion if he did not stand, since his departure would leave Prime Minister Pompidou (a Gaullist, but without de Gaulle's glamour and authority); the stuffy ex-Vichyite politician, M. Pinay; M. Mitterrand, the candidate of an incoherent "Left," and the loud-mouthed, Goldwaterish and near-Fascist Tixier-Vignancour as the probable competitors for the presidency. A change before very long is inevitable, but the prospect unnerves the French and they would like to put it off, at least for a time. For one thing, de Gaulle has not yet solved the problem of the "succession." His halfhearted attempt to groom Pompidou as the dauphin has failed, and it is already rumored

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Alexander Werth, The Nation's European correspondent, is the author most recently of De Gaulle: A Political Biography, *which has been published in England and will be brought out here by Simon & Schuster.*

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that after the election he will start building up a new successor who would have a better chance than the Prime Minister of perpetuating the Gaullist republic. The people genuinely dread a return to anything like the destructive instability of the Fourth Republic.

In his November 4 broadcast, de Gaulle harped chiefly on the dark prospect if he were not re-elected: the country, "delivered to the quarreling parties," would "fall back into its former state of helplessness"; and France, now independent of "foreign pressures," would be subjected to them once again. "The new republic would collapse and France—this time with no one coming to her rescue—would fall into a confusion worse even than what she had known in the past."

In short, France would have to choose between de Gaulle and chaos. This was perhaps the most arrogant statement that even de Gaulle has ever made, but it was designed as a psychological jolt and probably produced just the effect he intended. This does not mean that the speech enjoyed a good press; the reaction has been hostile. *Le Monde* called it "the most blatant call yet for a straight plebiscite," and many other papers commented on the extraordinary contempt de Gaulle showed for his own ministers by suggesting that only he could prevent the collapse of the new (i.e., Fifth) Republic. But perhaps this criticism is premature: de Gaulle will certainly speak two or three times more before December 5, and may either then, or immediately after the vote, indicate what constitutional measures he has in mind for perpetuating the regime in the event of his retirement or death. My guess is that he will wait until after the election to propose a reform whereby the prime minister would (like the American Vice President) take over in such an emergency.

Another serious criticism of de Gaulle's broadcast was that he boasted of the prosperity France has experienced under the Fifth Republic, and of the immense progress made in social reforms, housing and education. In reality, the progress has been less marked in the last seven years than during the last six or seven years of the Fourth Republic. Since 1963, deflationary tendencies have had a regressive

Vicky, New Statesman: Ben Roth

Les Grandes Européenes, Another Impressionist Masterpiece on the International Market

effect. Economic growth has been uneven, the position of the underprivileged majority (the working class and peasantry) lagging behind that of the privileged minority. Real wages have risen much more slowly in France than in, for instance, Western Germany, Belgium, Holland or Italy.

Yet, despite these criticisms, it is generally believed that de Gaulle will be re-elected; the only question is, by how many votes? Will he get an absolute majority in the first round, or will he suffer the "indignity" of having to stand in the second round against the most successful of the other candidates? That a second round is not out of the question is suggested by the semi-official announcement that de Gaulle "probably" will run in the second round, if there must be one.

The voting, one may be sure, will be marked by a certain emotionalism, and public-opinion polls, for what they are worth, suggest that the women's vote (54 per cent of the total) is more wholeheartedly "Gaullist" than the men's. Hence the eagerness with which de Gaulle's government hastened to show interest in birth control, after M. Mitterrand, the rival "Left" candidate, advocated the repeal of a 1920 law that banned birth-control propaganda and services. But perhaps too much has been made of this in the foreign press. What is more important is the sentimental appeal de Gaulle continues to exert on French national sentiment. For the older generations he remains the hero of World War II; for younger people he is still the man who "saved France from civil war" in 1958, and who put an end to the futile seven-year war in Algeria. There are no regrets about Algeria, except of course among the traditional extreme Right, which includes the greater part of the several hundred thousand French-Algerian repatriates, most of whom will support Tixier-Vignancour. The fact that de Gaulle has made France "talked about" in the world, and admired by the Third World—above all, that he "stands up to the Americans" and is against the war in Vietnam—flatters national vanity and recommends him even to many people who normally vote for the Left. The attack upon de Gaulle by the State Department and a large part of the American press just as the election campaign was about to start will win him a million votes or more! To be *persona non grata* in Washington is no liability in French politics. Even Pierre Mendès-France, who has come out against de Gaulle and in support of Mitterrand, admits that the war in Vietnam makes opposition to de Gaulle very much more difficult. The French believe his assertion (off the record, it is true) that the biggest threat to world peace comes today from the power-drunk United States.

Before dealing with the complexities of de Gaulle's foreign policy, here is a brief look at his five presidential rivals. On the extreme Right is Tixier-Vignancour who, for all his "liberal," "European" and "pro-

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American" airs, is a typical near Fascist, supported by the most reactionary Vichyite, Poujadist and ex-colonialist elements in France. He provides the best evidence that de Gaulle is not a man of the Right, still less of the extreme Right. In home policy, with his Poincaré-like insistence on financial orthodoxy, de Gaulle is no doubt conservative, but in foreign affairs, he is, as Jean Lacouture remarked in a recent book, "more left-wing than the Popular Front ever dared to be." Tixier-Vignancour, who has considerable funds for his campaign, may get as many as 3 or 4 million votes out of a total of 26 million. Three other candidates—M. Antier, an ultraconservative who claims to represent peasant interests, M. Lecanuet, the young Catholic MRP candidate (most of whose following will vote for de Gaulle in the end) and an obscure right-wing Senator, M. Marcilhacy, sponsored by a certain "McCarthyite" fringe—may be written off as unimportant. There remains François Mitterrand, the candidate of the "United Left." He is supported —in every case, somewhat half-heartedly—by the Radicals (a Right, rather than a Left party), by the half-dead Socialist Party, whose president still is the lamentable Guy Mollet, the hero of Suez and the man who, unlike de Gaulle, proved incapable of standing up to the army and the Algiers Fascists, and by the Communists! Mitterrand's principal assets—and his posters make the most of them—are that he is young and handsome. Nothing would please him better, he said at a press conference, than to become France's Kennedy!

But good looks are not enough. M. Mitterrand's great liability is to have been a Fourth Republic politician which, as *Le Monde* has said, is "the shirt of Nessus" for any public man in France today. More important, his supporters are such a mixed bunch that he has to confine himself to generalities and platitudes; he must sound "European" and "Atlantic" to please the Radicals and Socialists, but not too explicitly so lest he annoy the Communists, without whose 5 million votes he has little chance of giving de Gaulle any sort of run. So while saying that he is "Atlantic," he has to add that he is also for "coexistence," and even for a "community comprising all the countries of our continent" —almost a paraphrase of de Gaulle's "Atlantic-to-Urals" Europe! The rest of his program is a job lot of generalities about greater social justice, educational reforms, liberalization of the Republic (which would avoid both the "anarchy" of the Fourth and the authoritarianism of the Fifth), and so on.

His most concrete proposal concerns the abolition of the *force de frappe*, the French nuclear deterrent, and the "categorical reconversion" of France's atomic industry to peaceful uses. Apart from this highly controversial issue (and it is hard to say what exactly the French feel about their national deterrent), his policy statement was dismissed by M. Depreux, the leader of the small PSU, the independent (anti-Mollet) Socialist Party, as "a mediocre and unrealistic" attempt to be all things to all men: it is, said Depreux, the kind of program that heads of uneasy coalition governments used to throw together under the Fourth Republic, in order to scrape through parliament by a narrow majority. Similarly, M. Jean-Marie Domenach, editor of the progressive Catholic *Esprit*, while saying that he still wasn't sure how he would vote, stressed that the whole concept of "Left" and "Right" had long been hopelessly confused in France. A large part of the "Left" had been for Munich; it was a "Left" premier, Mollet, who had embarked on the Suez adventure, and a "Left" minister, Lacoste, who had supported the colonialist die-hards in Algeria. Furthermore, certain men of the "Left" had been willing to follow the United States blindly —even endorsing the war in Vietnam—in the name of "Europe" and "Atlantic solidarity." What Domenach implied was that a Mollet-supported Mitterrand should not be trusted merely because he wore a "Left" label. Had not the same Mollet tried to make a deal with the reactionary Pinay, and were not the Socialists, here and there, guilty of a cheap Poujade-like demagogy in dealing with the shopkeeper class?

Bernie, Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

The big question is how well the Communists will support Mitterrand. It was convenient for them not to run a candidate of their own against the formidable de Gaulle, and instead to give official and "unconditional" support to a candidate of "the entire Left." De Gaulle's countermove was, before announcing his candidacy, to send Foreign Minister Couve de Murville to Moscow. Not only were the talks more cordial than they had been during Andrei Gromyko's Paris visit last May, but they were also more explicit on a number of problems—particularly on the opposition of both countries to nuclear proliferation, a polite way of saying that they did not want Germany to have atomic weapons in any shape or form.

It is also clear that the Russians are far from hostile to de Gaulle's grand design of an all-European settlement of the German problem. The

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great cordiality shown Couve de Murville suggested that if de Gaulle went to Moscow he would be given a triumphal reception. After the announcement of November 4, a Tass communiqué stated that not only Gaullists but many others, impressed by the President's "realistic" foreign policy, would vote for him. This seemed a clear hint to the French Communists not to bother about Mitterrand! Ex-Ambassador Vinogradov reportedly told Couve de Murville that he hoped de Gaulle would be elected. The Communist press here is in a quandary; it did not quote Vinogradov, but its "campaign" for Mitterrand is less than halfhearted. At the Soviet Embassy I was told that they "didn't know" whether Vinogradov had made that statement—not exactly a flat denial that he had.

De Gaulle's *rapprochement* with Russia should be taken seriously. It is not only an election trick (though it is that, too), and it is worth recording that just about the time of the Couve de Murville visit *Le Monde* published an article called "There is only One Super-Power in the World Today"—meaning, of course, the United States. Not only had Russia been outstripped in the armaments race; it had also "lost" China and half lost its other allies and, economically, was having serious difficulties. It seemed unable, for climatic, geographical and other reasons, to feed itself adequately. The modernization of Russia's industries, dependent to a considerable extent on imported equipment, was being delayed because about $1 billion a year (a high proportion of its available hard currency) was going to buy food abroad.

All this suggests that de Gaulle, scared by the "boundless power" of the United States, is tentatively playing a new balance-of-power game. He turns the more to this because there are growing signs that Germany, with American encouragement, has begun to rebel against the European *status quo*. As D. S. Polyansky said in his Kremlin address of November 6: "Right now, inside the Atlantic bloc, there is beginning to take shape something like a bilateral military alliance between the United States and the Federal Republic."

In de Gaulle's view, Russian aggression or hegemony is no longer a threat, but he sees a growing danger of American hegemony, combined with a trigger-happy Pentagon. After his abortive attempt in 1962 to join with Adenauer in a sort of Franco-German directorate over Western Europe, de Gaulle now feels that Russia is the only country as determined as France to oppose an American-encouraged West German revisionism. There is still no question of France's recognizing East Germany; nor, it seems, has there been talk of reviving the 1944 Franco-Soviet mutual assistance

Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

pact. Nevertheless, these latest moves contain a serious warning to the United States not to supply West Germany with nuclear arms, nor to encourage its territorial ambitions.

From his early childhood de Gaulle was reared in the *alliance franco-russe* tradition. In 1944 he urged upon Stalin (with little effect) that only "the two great continental countries" — Russia and France—could keep Germany in order. Today he seems to be returning to this old axiom. He does not oppose German "revisionism" in the long run, but his concept of an Atlantic-to-Urals Europe implies a gradual "Europeanization" of the Soviet bloc (hastened by the Russia-China split), and a final settlement of the German problem through an agreement among all the European countries—with little if any American participation, still less "dictation." For Western Europe, and especially France, to become firmly built into the American bloc would mean in the Gaullist view the isolation of the Soviet Union, an increased American aggressiveness and a greater danger of war. The Russians would no doubt much prefer a friendly coexistence with the United States to even the most beautiful alliance with France, but Vietnam makes this impossible. It is curious that in drafting the Franco-Soviet communiqué, the Russians should have pressed for the insertion of the word "coexistence," and that the French should have rejected it.

De Gaulle also fears that if America gets tough with Russia over Germany, Russia may be driven into the arms of China, and his great dream of a "Europeanized" Russia would vanish. (He always refers to "Russia," never to the "Soviet Union," implying thereby that what matters is the *nation*, not the *ideology*—Soviet messianism being today as dead as the dodo.)

And what of Europe, the Common Market and NATO? As Maurice Duverger wrote in *Le Monde* on November 8:

> *No doubt Gaullist diplomacy is often clumsy in its methods. . . . But does not de Gaulle still raise some fundamental problems which neither the United States nor certain other Western powers want to recognize? Washington thinks de Gaulle's nationalism is evil in itself, because it hampers the progress of great integrated areas like the European and Atlantic Communities. . . . But there is a vast difference between the nationalism of a powerful state, which breeds only domination, colonialism and imperialism, and the nationalism of a weak state like France, where it expresses a kind of resistance to becoming a satellite. . . . The Atlantic Community, embracing several smaller countries grouped round a giant, can only be a pseudo-community camouflaging an American Empire. When Kennedy said he preferred "partnership" to "leadership," he used a noble phrase, but it meant little in practice. . . . All vitally important decisions on NATO will ultimately be taken by the American President.*

In Duverger's view, de Gaulle knows well enough that, whatever he does, France will continue to be protected by the American atomic "umbrella," for the United States simply cannot afford to lose any part of Western Europe and, above all, France, to the Russians. Since the end of the Algerian War, France has had greater diplomatic freedom than ever before. Still and all, there is this fearful contradiction in Gaullist policy; the more he tries to be-

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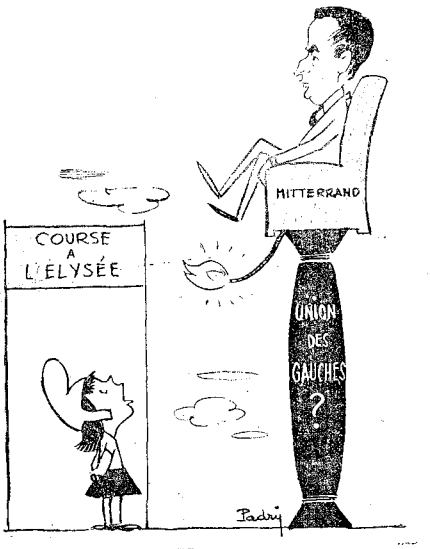
come independent of the United States, and the more energetically he tries to detach the other members of the Common Market from American influence, the more do they tend to gang up with the giant —Germany, in particular, hoping thereby to reap enormous political dividends. Hence de Gaulle's perhaps rather desperate attempt to redress the balance by sending Couve to Moscow, by threatening to get out of NATO as soon as possible, and by firmly opposing the war in Vietnam—almost alone among America's allies. For, without much liking it, he still remains an ally.

No doubt, many people in France are vividly aware of the danger that the Common Market will break up, and that a new kind of community, based on Washington, Bonn and perhaps London, will emerge. Would France then be left out in the cold, until such a day as de Gaulle disappeared, after which it would submit to American leadership? The trouble with the Common Market is that, whereas de Gaulle excluded Britain because he thought it to be America's Trojan horse, he has since discovered that the real Trojan horse is Western Germany —a horse, moreover, with large and dangerous territorial appetites.

Is it still possible to rescue the Common Market of the Six, with at least a semblance of independence from the United States, and with at least a possibility that Britain would join it, partly to outweigh Germany's increasingly strong position? De Gaulle does not want to commit himself for the present. His "nationalism" (in the better sense of the word, as defined by Duverger) is constantly on guard against the "satellization" of France; hence, in large part, the widespread support he can expect in the country. He has also convinced himself that by taking such an "anti-American" line (even to the point of reviving something of the old *alliance franco-russe*) he creates doubts in Washington about "Europe's" loyalty, and thus discourages the wilder men of the Pentagon and the State Department, who may imagine that the "German problem" can be solved by shock tactics.



Aux Ecoutes: Ben Roth

"You Think You're Going Into Space With That?"

Can the Gaullist policy succeed in the long run? Can the *status quo* be preserved until such time as the Germans are ready to negotiate a settlement "among Europeans," as de Gaulle has proposed? It looks, on the contrary, as though, exhilarated by American promises that it will soon have access to nuclear weapons, Germany is becoming increasingly aggressive and anti-French. It seems that today there are only two countries in the world —France and Russia (plus Russia's East European allies)—which take the German menace desperately seriously. The potential tragedy is that they may be absolutely right to do so.

By attacking him, the State Department has helped de Gaulle to re-election, but the implications of its attack are much, much more serious. And many American papers are quite wrong when they distinguish between that horrible de Gaulle and the good French people. If de Gaulle is Don Quixote, then the French have a Quixotic side to them, too. Or does Washington hope that, being also "realistic," France will before very long become the Vichy of America? With perhaps Tixier-Vignancour as President? A sort of French Trujillo.

Airplanes Abroad

Crashes and Consequences . . . Karl M. Ruppenthal

Airline crashes make all-too-familiar headlines in the United States, but when such tragedy strikes in this country the ensuing course of action is reasonably clear and the terms of compensation are usually adequate. Because of the overriding interest in safety, an investigation is immediately called. Skilled investigators from the Civil Aeronautics Board arrive quickly on the scene. Roping off the wreckage, they examine it in minute detail. They seek to recover the instruments and to determine their readings at the time of impact. They interview crew, observers and passengers; they listen to recordings of radio conversations. Taking into account all ascertainable facts, they attempt to reconstruct the incident.

These men have been able to unravel some amazingly complex wrecks. They can usually plot the angle of a plane's impact upon a hill. They can often determine the precise moment that fire occurred, and why it broke out. If an accident happens in the air, they can often ascertain the speed of the plane, its altitude and its direction of flight. With other data, this investigation can provide the course of action which is imperative if a repetition is to be prevented.

So strong is the stress on safety in these investigations that certain legal immunities are provided. Since many witnesses would be inhibited in their testimony at formal hearings if they feared that their words might later be used against them in a civil action, much of their testimony is privileged. The law clearly states in this situation that the

Karl M. Ruppenthal, in addition to being an attorney, has been an airline pilot for some twenty years. He is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

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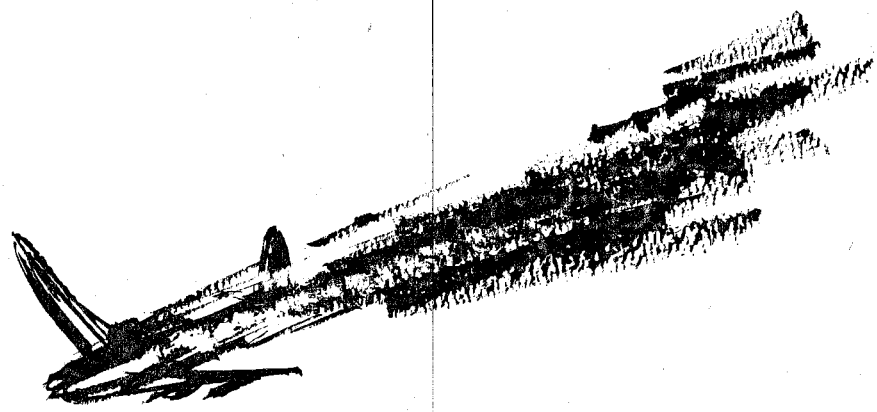
cause of safety is far more important than a suit for damages.

Nor are there misunderstandings about jurisdiction. The dubious argument over States' rights was laid to rest when the federal government pre-empted the field of air transportation. While state and local authorities may cooperate with the investigation, the CAB is clearly in charge. No piece of the wreckage may be moved until the investigators on the scene are satisfied that it has provided all the useful information that can be gleaned.



Drawings by Barnell

But in Europe this is not so, despite the fact that an amazing degree of cooperation has been achieved by the various nations whose planes circle the world.

Through the efforts of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO), it has been possible to standardize navigation equipment throughout the Western world. Thus a pilot making an instrument approach in Paris, Pernambuco or Peoria is able to use standard procedures and the instruments with which his plane is equipped. The airborne nations have even agreed upon a universal language (English) and have composed stubborn differences regarding feet and meters, inches of mercury and milibars, statute and nautical miles. But all these accomplishments are in the area of technical standardization; in other areas standardization has not gone far enough.

When an airplane crashes in Europe, as one did not long ago at Rome's Fumicino airport, a trained investigator from the CAB does not take charge. Indeed, the first official who was immediately concerned was not an official of the Italian Government, nor even of the city of Rome. Fumicino is located in a small municipality, and the local equivalent of the justice of the peace is the official in command. Since a death has occurred, it is his duty, under an ancient law, to discover and apprehend the culprit, and to accomplish that end he is vested with full authority to impound chariots, commandeer horses and interrogate men.

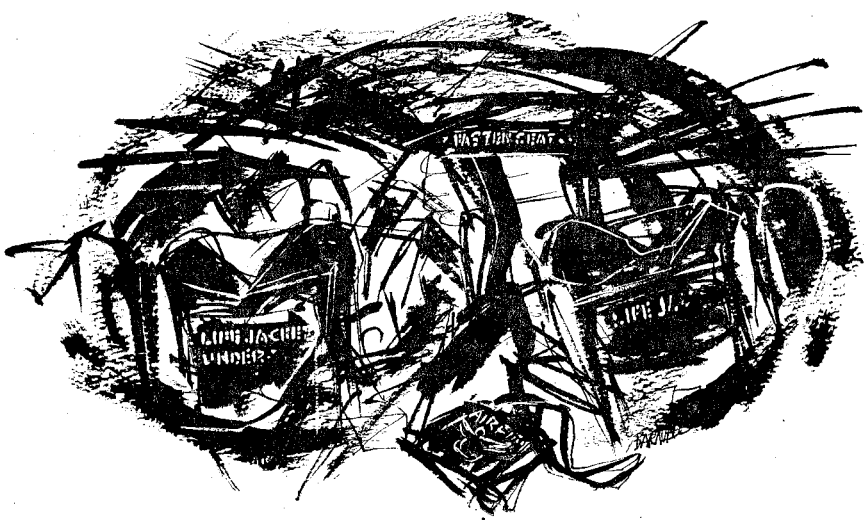
Even highly skilled investigators equipped with the most ingenious devices may have difficulty in discovering what flaws or errors caused an accident of this kind. Without a cadre of specialists, no investigation worth the name can be held. Of course, technicians from the nation's aviation department will eventually arrive on the scene, and in the usual course of events, they will invite full participation from our CAB. But the inevitable delay confuses evidence and clouds the memories of survivors. This delay will occur—whether the accident be in Italy or in almost any other country of the world—because the legal system has not kept pace with technology.

The next of kin of those killed in air accidents abroad are in for another shock. When a plane crash occurs in this country, the bereaved relations may receive a substantial indemnity. Following the system of the common law developed in England, every transportation company, whether air line, railroad or bus, is in a sense the insurer of its passengers. Since there is little that a passenger can do to prevent an accident, the law charges the carrier with providing him a safe journey, and if an accident occurs, the law presumes that the carrier is at fault. There is no need to prove negligence; indeed, there is seldom need to prove more than that the accident actually happened. *Res ipsa loquitur*, in legal parlance, "the transaction speaks for itself." The burden is on the carrier to prove that the event was beyond its control.

Sizable judgments for wrongful death are sometimes awarded. Here again the law relies heavily on its English underpinnings. A jury may award more for the death of a prominent man, and for a breadwinner, than for a little-known man or an unemployed member of the family. In theory, the size of the judgment reflects the earning capacity of the deceased and his life expectancy.

In some parts of the country juries are especially generous. If an accident occurs in California, the probabilities of large indemnities are much greater than they are in states where life is presumably held less dear. It would not be uncommon in the Golden State for the jury to award $100,000 to the bereaved.

But your life is far less valuable in Europe—$8,290 to be exact. As a passenger flying from New York



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to San Francisco, your life may well be worth half a million, but should you be so improvident as to board a flight that terminates, originates or flies through another country, then the bargain-basement price applies. This deflation is the result of a treaty negotiated by some ninety nations in Warsaw in 1929. Troubled by the possibility that large judgments might cripple the then infant air lines, signatories at the Warsaw Convention agreed to this standard $8,290. The convention became applicable to American international carriers when the United States Government ratified it in 1935. By this agreement, potential conflicts in the common law, Roman law, and various other legal systems of the world were neatly resolved. Not until 1955, in the Hague Protocol, was the standard indemnity raised to $16,300. But even this niggardly amount does not apply to all carriers, since the United States has not ratified that pact.

Unsuccessful in its efforts to persuade the various air lines of the world to agree upon more realistic limits, the State Department has now given the required six-month notice of its intention to abrogate the Warsaw Convention. Once this action has been taken, the CAB could then require the U.S. carriers to provide free insurance for all their passengers. But apparently in a conciliatory mood, the State Department announced that it would be receptive to a renegotiation of the Warsaw Convention, increasing the standard indemnity first to $75,000, then later to $100,000 per passenger.

Reluctant to expose themselves to payments of this size, the air lines that are members of the International Air Transport Association have belatedly voted to raise the indemnity to $50,000—but only for those member air lines that operate to and from the United States. At the same time, the IATA agreed to *permit* air lines operating in other parts of the world to increase their indemnity in like amount.

If the State Department accepts this compromise, as it may, there would still be tremendous variations in the value placed on death by air crash. The life of a successful businessman, flying on vacation to Europe, Mexico or Bermuda, would be worth only $50,000. And should he suffer a fatal air accident in some of the less well-traveled parts of the world, his heirs would collect $8,290—a sum negotiated in Poland when a laborer there earned but $1 a day and bread was 5c a loaf.

Conscience of an Art Colony

PREJUDICE BY THE SEA . . . . . Frank Potter

Rockport, Mass.

This is my story. I am the Episcopal clergyman who "produced the show," the symposium called Anatomy of Prejudice. At the moment of writing I am 39 and quite nicely hidden by obscurity as a parish priest in Rockport, Mass., a town of 5,297 (the figure triples in the summer when visitors come to smell the sea and savor the quaintness). In Rockport, not much ever happens from the point of view of a minister viewing "his" world, unless he decides to make something happen. My life here has, however, not been serene, possibly because of my peculiar notion that people should try to live in the century in which they find themselves.

When I first came to Rockport in August of 1963, I looked around and saw a nice, respectable, lily-white town. Not a Negro in sight. Now there is one—thank God for his bravery and that of the landlord who accepted him. I noticed a few Jewish people, but somehow they didn't seem to figure, psychically, in the make-up of the town. Quite well-to-do, ran my quick observation, and apt to go elsewhere when the summer season ended. I saw the members of my parish, of whom some 200 contribute to the upkeep of the ecclesiastical institution. But mostly, remembering an old adage that the church exists for the benefit of those outside itself, I looked around and saw at least 100 art galleries nestled prettily along the narrow streets and under the stately elms. Aha, said I, I am in the midst of a thriving art colony, and this is the world that our church must meet and embrace and learn to love.

To be a minister in an art colony can be a dismaying prospect when the last art museum you attended was twenty years ago at the command of a college professor. Yet there was an obvious appeal, too. In the religious vocation we strive to become artistlike as we plan and conduct services, seeking to express what is ultimately true about man as he confronts what he considers divine. Perhaps, then, the artist and the churchman are more like-minded than would be indicated on the surface. Also, I had my own preconceived stereotype of the artist as a sensitive, giving soul, acutely responsive to the ills and needs of mankind, albeit not much influenced by Ben Franklin's maxims for prudent living. All in all, it was a noble challenge, worthy of the best efforts of St. Mary's parish to broaden and extend itself.

So what to do. In August of 1964, we put on what we called A Celebration of Religion and the Arts—attempting to proclaim to all comers that here is a marriage feast where we can joyously drink a toast to our joint responsibility to express what is beautiful, true and good. The format was designed for maximum impact—an exhibition of contemporary art, five evening events, and five afternoon discussion periods, all compressed into one full week. Our publicity stated—"We believe that this Celebration may provide a stimulus to the ARTIST in his own life work, afford the CHURCHGOER a deepened understanding of his own faith, and help the COMMUNITY at large to appreciate the vital relationship between religion and the arts."

The art exhibition, effectively hung in the parish hall, was the

Dr. Frank Potter was graduated from Harvard in 1947 and from Episcopal Theological School in 1960. In the years between he was a Massachusetts businessman.

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focal attraction for the hundreds who overflowed our limited facilities all week long. An artist and art teacher were hired to assure a professional quality in the selection of paintings and sculptures. There was no theme in the work shown; it was simply a collection of sixty works that asked the viewer to ponder the question, "What is religious art?" A statement by the expatriate American artist William Congdon: "The apples of Cézanne are more religious than the madonnas of Raphael," proved an effective discussion starter. Traditionalists and puritans found plenty to cluck about, their dismay being particularly aimed at Paul Zelanski's abstract painting entitled "Nailhead Loves the Whole Damn World."

Our evening events featured the dean of Harvard Divinity School, a choral group from Boston, traveling repertory players from California, a panel of artists discussing their life commitment, and worship with music in modern idiom. When it was all over, we felt justified in rejoicing. Financial costs were covered, and a nice little controversy, mostly about the church's sponsorship of modern art, enlivened the letters column of the local newspaper. I cherished the observation of a young Lutheran minister that we seemed to have captured the same spirit of Pope John-inspired "Aggorniamento" that he had observed at a memorial service for Medgar Evers in New York a week earlier. Yes, I remember thinking at the time, this is about as close to the civil rights movement as we can get, here in Rockport. That was in the summer of 1964.

As the winter of 1964-65 made its usual slow and tortuous way toward spring, people began to ask: "What are you going to do this summer?" I felt confident that we could "do it again" on a bigger and broader scale. In my enthusiasm for the future I conveniently forgot the bad omen of an anticlimactic ending to the Celebration of Religion and the Arts. To mark its happy conclusion, my wife and I had invited the entire active list of the Rockport Art Association—about 200 people with local galleries—to an "open house" at the church rectory. This was the group whose existence had stimulated my dream of a marriage of religion and the arts in the first instance, and not a single one of them came around to share our proffered hospitality. Perhaps it is just as well that I was too exhausted by that time to care about reading the telltale signs. The Anatomy of Prejudice might not have taken place in 1965.

The spark for that venture was struck one morning in early April, when a woman burst breathlessly into my office, handing me a book by Prof. Gordon Allport, *The Nature of Prejudice*, and saying: "Yes, there is something we can do here in the North, here in Rockport. Why not build this year's religion and arts program around the theme of prejudice?" Why not! The speaker, a devout Roman Catholic, had lived all her life in the world of the arts, with twenty years' experience as curator in one of the nation's leading art galleries. At the time she was employed part time by a brand new Rockport attempt at enriching the life of the town—The Land's End Cultural Center. I was a board member much interested in the welfare of this struggling enterprise and I knew from experience that I had to have the expert knowledge of art which my visitor was volunteering to provide. A deal was made. In August, 1965, a week-long symposium in religion and the arts would be called The Anatomy of Prejudice and would be jointly sponsored by St. Mary's Church and the Land's End Cultural Center.

Without foreseeing it at the time, I was asking for additional trouble by linking our church with the cultural center. In some quarters of small-town America, "culture" is a suspect word. No matter that "cultural center" has become the generic term for programs now backed with huge financial resources by our federal government. There is a feeling among the natives that culture may

Frederick Douglass

The portrait of Frederick Douglass is one of nine prints on civil rights and related subjects by Ben Shahn that will be published shortly as a portfolio by the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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be just another way of softening up the landscape for the advent of communism. Perhaps it didn't help that the backbone of the Land's End group included several fine people of Jewish background. Slowly, the stage was being set for antagonism, in the guise of apathy.

Plans went ahead rapidly to borrow art works and secure the services of speakers and musicians, dancers and clergymen, newspaper men and civil rights leaders, for the August event. In retrospect, I suppose I was too much engrossed in the work of preparation to pay attention to the rising tide of negative local reaction. In the spring the governing body of our church was considering major repairs to the church-owned house in which my family lives. A rumor spread around town that the Episcopal Church was spending all that money to house a bunch of "niggers" on the third floor. There could have been substance to this rumor. In June, our Cape Ann Council for Civil Rights played host to a busload of high school boys and girls from Selma, Ala., in our various homes. In early July, we had a Brazilian girl staying with us on an International Fellowship program, and later in the month another group of Negro youngsters, members of Roxbury's Blue Hill Freedom Choir, came to stay and sing and also to dance with us in the parish room of St. Mary's. I'll never forget the sight of the Rockport high school boy on the night of the dance as we awaited the arrival of the bus from Roxbury. Seeing the poster proclaiming "Dance Tonight" on the door of the church, and sensing the air of anticipation, this lad ran home at top speed to change clothes and apply comb to his Beatle mop. Then back to the church at top speed just as the bus rolled in. Eyes popping and face reddening, he turned to his buddy with voice stricken: "Geezus, they're coons!"

August arrived. A few local artist friends helped to hang the exhibition of some eighty works on the theme of prejudice, filling both our parish room and the walls of the former Coast Guard station, now the cultural center and a lovely spot fronting the Atlantic Ocean. George Collins, religious editor of the Boston *Globe*, began a feature story with this quotation:

> *"The only way to bring light into a mass of darkness is to open it up. It will never penetrate from the inside."*
>
> *This philosophic comment on prejudice came this week from Rockport artist Joseph Jeswald as he described his painting, "The Bristling Mass," which has been loaned by the Addison Gallery at Andover for the unique week-long arts program which opens in Rockport on Sunday.*
>
> *Jeswald's painting portrays in dark colors a massive phalanx of people with spears rising above them. At one side of the painting, light flows up to the mass, but is unable to penetrate.*
>
> *"Prejudice is like this in groups of humans," Jeswald said. "Unless man can be exposed to prejudice in all its forms, little change will take place in our society. Enlightenment cannot be forced on mankind, knowledge of truth must come from inside."*

In the weeks preceding the symposium I was coming to feel, increasingly, that the bristling mass depicted by Jeswald in his painting, was not too inaccurate a description of the reaction of the majority of my parishioners. Only a handful showed genuine enthusiasm, and it proved very difficult to find enough volunteers to serve as hosts at the art exhibition and events. Yet I was heartened by memories of the previous year's success, and went right ahead, committing our venture to a budget of $3,000—quite a sum for a small church, whose membership could not be expected to contribute more than $500. How could I possibly justify spending $100 just to have one huge painting, 9 by 18 feet, carted down from Boston by moving van? In a way I was relieved to be relying on outside visitors for the bulk of contributions.

Other reactions from the local community came to my attention. A summer visitor who does free-lance writing for the North American Newspaper Alliance came into my office just before the week began. She was filled with foreboding. With a newswoman's eye for a story, she had read the local publicity for The Anatomy of Prejudice and had proceeded to test opinion throughout the town. Nobody was going to attend, she informed me. They envisioned the town flooded with Negroes, and they wanted no part of it. They were suspicious of the Land's End Cultural Center and thought St. Mary's should go back to minding its own — "spiritual" — business. The lady was both right and wrong, as we shall see presently.

I tried to dismiss the warnings. There was too much to be pleased and proud about. Never in my short career as a clergyman had I felt more in tune with the times, more certain that I was going about the Lord's work. A feature writer for the Hartford *Times* quoted me in an article that appeared on September 4:

> *Mr. Potter said that he started the annual art program because "the church historically has concerned itself only with people in their private residences and with their private morality and has neglected three other worlds in which people live—that of work, leisure, and public issues."*
>
> *Mr. Potter represents a new attitude in church leadership—a belief that the church must be concerned with such issues as urban renewal, housing, education, and civil rights —as well as theology. Further, he says, "The church itself has contributed to prejudice—if you belong to one sect you are saved. If not. . . .*
>
> *"Some say the church is only beginning to recover its insights into social problems that artists have seen and depicted forty years ago in America. As a clergyman I am grateful for the artists who help us open our eyes and ears to what is going on. A first class artist sees through the sham and social life of today or any other day."*

The article went on to paraphrase our art director:

> *She pointed out that through the visual arts we can see graphically and vividly and compactly the different forms of prejudice. They grasp your attention—and if they are good works of art, they will not let you alone, and this can change the human spirit. Artists are aware before other people in the community. They are filled with perception. Otherwise they would not be artists.*

We opened on Sunday, August 15. In church that morning a Negro professor from Syracuse read his own poetry in place of the sermon. A clergyman from Puerto Rico, visiting our parish for two weeks with his Chinese bride, expressed his greetings and gratitude in labored but eloquent English. The art exhibition was under way, and already the dissidents had found an issue through which to reflect their antagonism without alluding to civil rights.

When placing the exhibition, our

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cooperating artists had a worrisome time with two magnificent bronze figures of Samson and Delilah, executed by David Aaronson, former head of the Boston University Department of Art. The solution was to set the figures in the foyer of the church, greeting all who entered. For artistic reasons, it was necessary to cover over temporarily a bronze bas-relief which occupies a niche in the wall in front of which the figures were placed. The sculptor of the bas-relief, a parish member who never darkens our doors, was incensed to the point of profanity, and in no time at all the town was buzzing with the story of how badly we were treating the poor man.

One irate parishioner had the good courage to approach me directly. I argued unsuccessfully on artistic grounds, floundered again by trying to suggest that Samson and Delilah (however unworthy as human beings) were more germane to the Biblical message than Sir Galahad (the subject of the bas-relief). She left finally, but with a parting shot: "Well, at least I hope you'll put fig leaves on them!" Samson and Delilah remained as is, but I wonder if it was worth standing behind the decision of my artist friends—even when Ben Shahn remarked later in the week that he hoped to see the day when all churches would be decorated with work of the quality and religious content of the Aaronson bronzes.

Six straight nights of events began with "An Evening of Penitence." The addresses, which focused on the common involvement of all men in the sin of prejudice were given by a rabbi, a Catholic monsignor and a Negro Methodist minister. A cantor from a conservative temple stirred the overflowing church to spontaneous clapping with his booming basso rendering of Jewish liturgical music. The rabbi looked out at the faces in the congregation and remarked that it looked as if the High Holy Days had already arrived.

During the week I seemed to find myself constantly in conversation with Jews. Often they just dropped by in the church office and started to speak candidly of their Jewishness, of instances of anti-Semitism in their own histories. I felt that somehow the Holy Spirit was leading us toward the kind of reconciliation for which all mankind is groaning. At the end of the week a dentist named Cohen said that if I would go to theological school and become a rabbi, his synagogue would hire me. It may become necessary for me to accept that offer.

Ben Shahn

The Los Angeles riots burst in full fury as the symposium started, and this hurt in two ways. As is true all over the country, the riots allowed those whose stereotypes of the Negro were weakening to go back to the old ways of closed minds and hearts. More directly, one of our Tuesday evening panelists for a discussion on prejudice was to have been Rev. James Breeden, a brilliant young Negro clergyman who serves on the Commission of Religion and Race of the National Council of Churches. As representative of the interest of 40 million Protestants he had to be in Los Angeles, not Rockport, that evening. He was sorely missed.

A more humorous upset in plans occurred the next evening when the traveling theatrical troupe arrived two hours late to perform an Ibsen play in the church, and only then because I authorized their chartering a plane at our expense (more tongue wagging at the rector's spendthrift ways). Strangely enough, a hundred persons remained in sweltering heat and saw a midnight show preceded by a hastily devised organ recital. And this was the one evening of the week that most conservatives could enjoy; for though it is apt enough, there is nothing in *An Enemy of the People* to stir one's passions about civil rights.

The next day my sagging spirits were revived by a fan letter from a Roman Catholic, then unknown to me: "Indeed this very fine exhibition and program has taken on the adjective of 'great,' for because of the missing panel member and a tardy play performance, we were given the opportunity of 'feeling' with you the intensity of your dedication to this field of prejudice. Congratulations for making the awareness of prejudice more vital to my husband and me."

Ben Shahn, artist, writer, social critic, was the "biggest name" on our program. Among a capacity audience of ninety for an informal afternoon discussion, there was not one member of my parish in attendance. That same Thursday evening, among 350 assembled at the cultural center for another panel, there was not a single male member on hand to pass the collection plates for a free-will offering. That evening the star who shone brightest was an articulate Negro social worker and consultant, Noel Day, from Roxbury. "I must be nonviolent," said Day. "I cannot do violence to myself." He helped us understand the basic causes of what happened in Watts.

On Friday, a Mass, or Holy Communion, was celebrated in the church, with original music in the folk idiom for singing with guitar accompaniment, and on Saturday a program of modern dance was offered by a New York Company headed by Gus Solomons, Jr., a Negro architect turned artist. Gus Solomons wrote us afterward: "For myself and my dancers I want to thank you formally and officially for inviting us to dance in Rockport. We did have a very good time and the audience's response made us terribly happy."

It was all over and I was terribly happy too. More than $2,500 had been donated during the week, and we were free and clear financially. I could forget how the member of the local art association had commented cheerfully on leaving the church's display of museum pieces (Barlach, Baskin, Beckmann, Bellows, Daumier, Durer, Goya, Grosz, Hogarth, Levine, Matisse Steinberg, et al.), "How nice to see these things without having to go all the way into Boston." I need remember only that the curator of prints from the Metropolitan in New York had dropped by unannounced and had written to our art direc-

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tor: "I cannot go without telling you how much I was moved by your beautiful print show at St. Mary's in Rockport. You used the charming odd-shaped spaces so intelligently, and assembled such unexpected and eloquent images that you made the tour of the show into an experience to remember." But must I also remember that the web of apathy spun from hostility was being drawn tighter and tighter all the while that crowds of out-of-towners were flocking to The Anatomy of Prejudice (they included two Catholic nuns from St. Paul, Minn., who came for the entire week and graced us with their presence at every single event)?

Yes, I must remember. The crowds have gone and winter is coming again. My ministry continues among the good church people of Rockport, a majority of whom have told me in a hundred ways that the program in religion and the arts is a waste of the Lord's precious time. If there were any signs at all of changing hearts among our people, I would try again next summer, but I cannot discern those signs. As a Christian I am free to follow where God may be leading, but as rector of a parish I am the servant of my people.

I must be honest, particularly with myself. The most significant failure of our program has to do not so much with my parishioners as with those in the community whom we set out to embrace in the first instance—the art colony of Rockport. A trusted adviser put it this way: "Frank, you have made an honest mistake, but a mistake. The prevailing climate of Rockport is not artistic, it is commercial. You have sought to engage the interest of men and women who are not artists, but artisans, whose skill in craftsmanship happens to occur with paint and brush rather than hammer and saw. They do not wish to be disturbed, or to think. Their first concern is for economic survival and their values are the same as anywhere in middle-class America."

Prof. Kenneth Clark, author of *Black Ghetto*, said it more vividly when he admitted that he wakes up at night from nightmares, dreaming that the civil rights movement may come to an end with all Negroes being taught and manipulated to adopt the value structure of white, middle-class America. Is there not a better way, a higher ideal toward which we may strive?

I think there is. In the struggle against prejudice in the North, in the quiet struggle against apathy this past summer in Rockport, I think I have caught a fleeting glimpse of what needs to be done. I cherish this letter which I received in October from a couple in New York City:

> *Shalom and Pax Vobiscum. After a few days in Rockport this summer, we came to the conclusion that aside from the art activities, it was a cultural waste-land—that is, until we came upon the poster about your symposium "The Anatomy of Prejudice." This gave us a raison d'etre for remaining in Rockport, and we thank you. . . .*

Let us start from the stance taken by Noel Day as he addressed the gathering last summer: "There is no Negro problem in America; there is no white problem. There is only a human problem." Let us create new concepts of community, new structures through which the organization of social change may be carried on. It is not sufficient to say—the church stands for this, the artist stands for that, the businessman stands for this or that. Stereotypes which perceive man as governed by his "role" in life must be abandoned. We need to form a new aristocracy—an aristocracy of THOSE WHO CARE.

THE INCOMPLEAT SUICIDE . . . Matthew Huxley

Every twenty-five minutes around the clock in 1963, a human being killed himself in one of our fifty states. Of the 1.8 million deaths that year, 20,818, or 1.1 per cent of the total, were recorded as suicides. These men, women and children who took their own lives were the focus of a widely publicized, day-long Symposium on Suicide held recently in Washington D.C. It was organized by the Department of Psychiatry at George Washington University School of Medicine, with a grant by the Wallace Laboratories.

Despite the fact that the meeting was called to "exchange views about a subject which has reached the magnitude of 'a public health problem,' " the general orientation of the symposium did not show a "public health attitude" in its approach to suicide. Thus, few epidemiological data essential to place suicide in relationship to other causes of death were presented; and while there was much discussion about the causes of suicide and would-be suicide, the primary concern of the symposium was with cause as the basis for individual treatment and rehabilitation, not as an approach to public policies and programs seeking to prevent its occurrence. In short, the meeting was basically a medical symposium on the management of the would-be suicide.

One may speculate that the symposium's emphasis on therapy stems from the general preoccupation of modern medicine with the treatment of sickness rather than the maintenance of health, for certainly there was a strong common bond among most of the panelists: of the fourteen discussants, only two were non-physicians—a sociologist and a Roman Catholic priest; while of the twelve physicians only one, a pharmacologist, was not a psychiatrist (though one psychiatrist was also a public health officer). This professional orientation may also have been the reason why the epidemiologic method was not used to determine the issues around which social policy needed to be made. Nevertheless, the various ideas and techniques presented at this symposium could eventually help outline an effective national approach to suicide.

Dr. Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, pointed out that the suicide rate is universally and profoundly

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Matthew Huxley is the author of Farewell to Eden, *a study of acculturation among the Indians of the Amazon (Harper & Row).*

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affected by the major demographic characteristics of sex, race, age distribution, population density, urbanization, marital status, family size and economic level. At the same time, a number of cultural characteristics, such as the competence and interest of physicians, the administrative system, and the status of suicide in the eyes of law, religion and the particular social code, have an equally profound impact upon the accurate recording of its occurrence.

However, as Dr. Erwin Stengel of Sheffield University, England, pointed out in a witty presentation at the expense of the World Health Organization's compendium of yearly suicide statistics around the world, one country's statistics may be another's disgrace. Underrecording is certainly a world-wide phenomenon, and its degree varies not merely from nation to nation but regionally within countries, and by cultural sub-units of the population. Thus, for example, it has been estimated that somewhere between one-quarter and one-third of all suicides in the United States go unreported. All that can be said is, the older and more efficient a nation's vital statistics service, the more constant is the relationship of that nation's suicide rate to the reported rates of other nations. There has been a slow, gradual world-wide rise since the turn of the century, a rise which shows definite seasonal fluctuations, only occasionally punctuated by rare episodic peaks and troughs seemingly related to vast upheavals such as world wars and economic depressions.

If the symposium skimped the epidemiological elements, there was no dearth of speculation on the presumed causes of suicide and would-be suicides. Because of the make-up of the group, most of the speculation was psychiatric and psychoanalytical, with sociological considerations running a poor second best. Dr. Roy Grinker (Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago), after discussing a large number of hypotheses, could only conclude: "I do not know—despite lengthy clinical experience which included an average expectable suicide rate—what the dynamics are that push the patient from thought to action. . . ." Certainly suicide stems from no single reason; it is a highly complex behavior pattern, reflecting conflicting tendencies whose outcome depends on their relative strengths, as well as on various other unpredictable factors.

Dr. Stengel has organized all the hypotheses into five groups: the "appeal effect" (which creates guilt feelings in the friends and relatives of suicides or would-be suicides) with its "cry for help," which may not be audible to the untutored listener; the "ordeal function" (gambling with fate or risk-taking behavior, both overt and covert), which is pervasive in our society and runs all the way from penny ante to Russian roulette, from the child's "testing" of his parents to excessive speeding; plus three other groups suggested by Dr. Karl Menninger: that the suicide is simultaneously killing himself, murdering someone else, and fulfilling his wish to die.

Posada

Sociological hypotheses derive in the main from Emil Durkheim's classic and fundamental monograph written at the turn of the century, in which he postulates three types of suicides: the egoistic suicide who was poorly integrated into the social group; the altruistic suicide driven to self-destruction by excessive altruism and sense of duty (a very small group including both martyrs and those committing hara-kiri); and the anomic suicide, which connoted a loss of integration by an individual previously in equilibrium with his society. Prof. Jack Gibbs (Department of Sociology, Washington State University) found difficulty with Durkheim's triad, as have many others. However, starting with Durkheim's unprovable concept that the greater the social integration of a population the lower the suicide rate, Gibbs offered a testable hypothesis which proposes that the greater the *status* integration of a population, the lower the suicide rate. Gibbs concluded by suggesting that psychiatrists need well consider the significance of status patterns in a community before advising patients to change jobs or retire, marry or divorce, etc., since such major changes in

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status may have very severe consequences.

The problem of the would-be suicide is more complex than the actual suicide by several orders of magnitude. Not merely are we without an adequate definition for a suicide attempt, but an attempt to apply those that have been proposed makes epidemiological investigations extraordinarily complex, difficult and tedious. English, Swiss, Swedish and American studies suggest that the ratio of attempted suicides to actual suicides runs anywhere between 6 to 1 and 15 to 1; and in the extraordinarily few follow-up studies of attempted suicides, the number repeating the first attempt, and succeeding, may run as high as 10 per cent. Thus people who have attempted suicide present a risk group far higher than the general population. In effect, they constitute a pool from which many of the future suicides will be drawn.

It has been postulated that the would-be suicide and the successful suicide show different characteristics and thus represent different populations: more women than men attempt suicide while more men succeed; the attempter group is younger, may have somewhat different motivation, etc. But in Dr. Grinker's candid words: "What is the difference between a suicidal 'gesture' and the bona fide suicide? Gestures which seem to be emergency communications for help often result accidentally in a completed act, and many apparently truly intended acts are frustrated. Little reliance can be placed on the manifest intent or at least on the interpretation put on it by the observer. When [one is asked] the embarrassing question how one differentiates a 'gesture' from an intent, the only honest answer is 'guess.'"

Nevertheless, because these would-be suicides are the ones who are often seen and sometimes treated by the professional, their psychosocial dynamics are of primary concern to the various suicide-prevention centers here and abroad.

The key to these centers' operations is that the would-be suicide (and indeed, the successful suicide) nearly always indicates intent, often well in advance of the act; that his "cry for help" can be heard and its recognition taught; and that help can be provided early enough to assist the individual in his misery and so prevent the attempt. That those calling for help are wretchedly miserable is quite clear: most suicides and atttempted suicides can be classed, psychiatrically, as being afflicted with depressions.

The causes of depression are open to considerable debate, though clearly they range through two components—the first being psycho-social and the second physiological. Of the former, one widely accepted concept is that depression has its roots far in the past, often in early childhood, and slowly builds up through time. The view is somewhat supported by one of the very few studies ever done on child suicides (made in the New Jersey schools between 1960 and 1963). The critical factor seemed to be social and emotional isolation: the child suicides formed part of no social group; they had no close friends, no one to whom they could feel close, with whom they could share their innermost thoughts; no one who could accept them as they were. Their suicides seemed the culmination of a long-drawn-out process. However, Dr. Reginald Lourie (George Washington University School of Medicine), reporting on his study of child-suicide attempters, drew no such conclusion. He remarked upon the seeming impulsiveness of the attempts. Most of his children had "impulse control problems, and came from a cultural milieu which encouraged or even stimulated impulsivity." Chronic depression was not a major determinant in Lourie's group; he suggested that it appeared only later, in mid or late adolescence.

Evidence for a physiological factor was outlined by Dr. Grinker. Stemming from observations that sleeplessness is a major warning signal in the potential suicide, he noted the frequency with which alcohol and barbiturates are found in the body of the suicide (but not as a major cause of death). Alcohol is a psychic amplifier, elevating or depressing the basic mood, and barbiturates are mood depressing (according to Dr. Frank Berger of the Wallace Laboratories). Both drugs affect the higher cortical functions. These functions are additionally modified by anxiety which, although it is a protection against intense cerebral activity, also induces sleeplessness. Indeed, both anxiety and sleeplessness are most frequently precipitants to suicide.

Additionally, depressed patients have recently been shown to have unusually high levels of adrenocortical secretions as a stress response to anxiety. One group of investigators has gone so far as to be able to establish a correlation between suicidal activity in the depressive state and high levels of 17-hydroxysteroids. In short, the fine balance required of the higher-level cortical functions would seem to be easily upset not merely by psychological but also by physiological, as well as pharmacological, stimuli. This was amplified by Dr. Berger in his analysis of the physiological factor in depression, but its possible implications were barely noted by the other discussants.

Do remedies now exist for depression? Dr. Berger pointed to electroshock as a most effective therapy for counteracting suicidal tendencies in the severely depressed. Among the anti-depressants and tranquilizers (to reduce anxiety) can be found specifics which are rapid in their effect upon the patient, though here the difficulty lies in the physician's management of the case. Since these drugs give symptomatic relief only, without affecting the underlying cause of the depresssion, the six-to-nine-month cyclical nature of the disorder must be kept in mind: sudden discontinuance of the drug before the depression has run its course may easily result in suicide.

A diametrically opposite view was held by Dr. Eli Robins (Department of Psychiatry, Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis) who asserted: "There are no critical data to support the ideas that drugs, electroshock therapy, or psychotherapy are effective in suicide prevention. Until such data are forthcoming, hospitalization [in a psychiatric institution] seems to be the soundest policy."

The suggestion of a specific psycho-active drug has a correlate in the possible existence of a biochemical test for the suspected suicide; or, best of all, for mass-screening programs. A straw in this particular wind is the development of

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TOTAL MALE DEATHS, SUICIDES AND RANK OF SUICIDE AS LEADING CAUSE OF DEATH, BY AGE GROUP. U.S. 1960

		Total All Ages	0-14	15-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55-64	65-74	75-84	85 +
1. Deaths from all causes (x 1000)	(a)	975.6	83.8	18.1	21.0	43.8	100.1	174.1	251.4	206.1	76.7
2. Total Suicides	(b)	14,489	71	950	1,634	2,459	3,154	2,894	2,041	1,068	210
3. Rank Order of Suicide as Cause of Death		8	12	4	5	4	6	7	11	13	16
4. Suicide as % of all Deaths		1.4	0.8	5.3	7.8	5.6	3.2	1.7	0.8	0.5	0.3
5. % of Total Suicides, by Age Group		100%	0.5	6.6	11.3	17.0	21.8	20.0	14.1	7.4	1.5
6. Suicide Rate per 100,000 Population		16.4	0.3	8.0	14.6	20.9	31.2	38.4	39.9	52.8	58.1

(a) deaths for 1960. (b) three-year average, 1959, 1960, 1961

SOURCE: Vital statistics of the United States, 1960, as modified by Office of Biometrics, National Institute of Mental Health, U.S. Public Health Service.

the 17-hydroxysteroid urine test which diagnoses changes in the endocrine system even in patients who clinically do not appear to be suicidal and who do not admit to suicidal intentions.

What then were the symposium's views of the suicide-prevention center? Dr. Robert Litman (Chief Psychiatrist, Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center) believes that these are crisis-oriented services, field outposts of a medical center: "The more extreme the crisis, the less specific professional training is necessary to be of help [since the patient] must be transferred with careful haste to a crisis clinic or to a (psychiatric) hospital." In public-health terms, this is a first-aid and referral program. It is not a prevention program. The center's treatment of a suicidal gesture can and does prevent the suicidal act, but it offers no program to attack the growth of those underlying causes which finally bring a potential suicide to the critical point where he needs the first-aid, emergency service. Only Dr. Berger gave any thought to this problem, and he focused primarily upon the potentials of biochemical screening tests for case finding.

Certainly, such tests would be of inestimable value—as would be those which could detect the potential schizophrenic. But once we have found the potential suicide, what kinds of support can we develop in his familial and social environment to prevent his future breakdown? What social mechanisms might be evolved to prevent the accumulation of factors which, when left untreated, transform the potential suicide into would-be if not actual suicide.

Suicide is probably one of the most complex problems that face the epidemiologist today, and while cross-national and cross-cultural comparisons should be received with intense skepticism, this is not to decry all statistics on suicide. Witness, for example, Louis Dublin's elegant analysis of U.S. data published two years ago (*Suicide: A Sociological and Statistical Study*, Ronald Press), or Dr. Stengel's dry summary of 1964 (*Suicide and Attempted Suicide*, Penguin, London), or Durkheim's famous essay of 1951 (*Suicide: A Study in Sociology*, The Free Press).

Even though reporting may be faulty, suicide rates and ratios are useful in examining and developing specific programs. Both Dr. Yolles and Dr. Lourie, for example, singled out the young adolescent male as being singularly susceptible to suicide (see table on this page). When we examine specific age groups for suicide as a per cent of all deaths for that group, we find that the adult male, 25-34, is most at risk. One out of every thirteen deaths of these young men is reported as a suicide, a ratio considerably larger than that of any other age group. If we look at the actual number of suicides, then the crisis years fall in the last two decades of a man's working life, rising steadily from the middle decades, 35-44, and declining somewhat in the first retirement decade, 65-74.

Suicide as a per cent of all deaths within specified age categories; the per cent of all suicides produced by populations within specified age groupings, and the age specific suicide rate, are the simple mathematical tools which an epidemiologist might use to start an attack upon suicide. They would then be applied to other groups into which a total population is customarily broken down: sex, race, marital status, economic condition, etc. These findings, combined with the insights of those treating the would-be and unsuccessful suicide, might eventually lead to an acceptable theory as to causes and a generalized program of prevention.

Only when we pull together the factors that sensitize a human being to killing himself can we hope to develop an effective national approach to suicide. And while these factors are interrelated, they are so diverse that many professional skills and insights must be conscripted for the task. To the psychiatrist, sociologist, pharmacologist and cleric of the recent symposium, then, must be added the epidemiologist, anthropologist, psychologist, physiologist, educator and community organizer. Only a multiplicity of imaginative talents can conceive the programs that will entice the emotional isolate back to the world of the living. Let us hope that we shall find these talents on a next symposium—a symposium that will, in fact, treat suicide as a possible public health problem.

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The Deepest Involvement of All

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC AND THE CIVIL WAR: 1931-1939. By Gabriel Jackson. Princeton University Press. 578 pp. $12.50.

Jose Yglesias

In the preface to this superb history of the second Spanish Republic, Gabriel Jackson writes of the Civil War which displaced it: "An entire generation of Englishmen and Americans felt a deeper emotional involvement in that war than in any other world event of their lifetimes, including the Second World War." One of the results of this phenomenon is the many books written on the Civil War whose main concern, Jackson briefly explains, is to place the event in the international context, and he goes on to point out the need for a history of the Republic and the Civil War — inseparable events — from within Spain.

The following pages brilliantly fill this need: there is no better history of the period, and this subject, which has been so pulled apart by passions and recriminations, comes into focus again in Jackson's hands. The controlling, ordering elements are Jackson's own unwavering liberal democratic views and a narrative ability, perhaps matched only among contemporary historians by C. V. Wedgwood. There are good and historical reasons for the ideological disequilibrium which has beset us all—with the exception, perhaps, of reactionaries and Fascists—even before the Spanish Civil War came to a close, and this is so much the case that many people welcomed as a corrective the neutral façade of Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War*. In the process, the Spanish people, to whom the glory and the suffering belong, have almost been forgotten: the refusal of many to visit Spain today as a gesture of vestigial loyalty to the cause which once united almost all men of good will is one element of that slighting response to the tragedy. Fortunately, Jackson is not neutral; his insistence on keeping the Civil War in the Spanish context is a true corrective and, breaking the bounds of his intentions, brings order to our passions and disputes.

In the summer of 1936, in Spain, all the political forces current in the Western world — from clerical reaction and contemporary fascism to bourgeois democracy and communism —took the stage for a dramatic confrontation which has nowhere been duplicated. We tend, each with our particular political program, to pick at it as at a laboratory experiment which, somehow, went wrong, forgetting that Spain existed not for our sakes but for its own, that those forces all arose in Spain and worked out their destinies there. This is not an academic notion but one which helps correct misapprehensions and misinterpretations. To take one example, Jackson restores to Juan Negrín, the last Prime Minister of the Republic, his rightful stature by showing that he was the expression, among Socialists and the Spanish people, of the will to fight while a chance existed; whereas in the last twenty-five years, Negrín has come to represent to some of those for whom the war was an international struggle, the dupe of the Kremlin for which, according to this particular group, there was some advantage in the Republic's never surrendering. As corollary, Jackson correctly, but without slander, defines Prieto and other right-wing Socialist leaders as defeatists. Inside Spain, then as well as now, these are the roles these men played according to Spaniards fighting Franco.

The non-Spaniards, to take another example, have always floundered at the spectacle of the inhuman warfare that the Nationalist Army waged. Those to whom the clichés about the cruelty of all Spaniards were unpalatable have found an explanation in the tremendous numbers of Moors, Italians and Germans who made up Franco's army. Yet it is a fact that many Italian officers, and Germans too, were amazed at the policy of the Spanish generals. Jackson—who, let it immediately be said, indulges in none of the traditional generalizations about the Spanish character which is the mark of the amateur writing on Spain—faces this question when describing the advance of the Army of Africa through Andalucia during the first three months of the war. Knowing Spain's contemporary class conflicts, Jackson convincingly states: "No category of human beings are more cruel than a threatened ruling class . . . which finds itself challenged by an inchoate mass which will no longer recognize its privileges." And knowing Spain's colonial history, adds: "The Popular Front zone was the rebellious colonial area to be reduced." It was, of course, the colonial ruler, without national identification with the land he coveted, who allowed the Germans to test their theories of air warfare, gave Mussolini's army a chance at spurious glory, and brought in the traditional enemy, the Moors, to "save Spain."

It is not entirely, of course, the frame he has chosen that makes Jackson's history the best one available, for he knows that the Republic fell because of the intervention of Germany and Italy, the enmity of England, the cowardice of France, and the neutrality of the United States. It is his compassion and his generous democratic views, analogous to what was best in the Republican leadership, that buttress his account at almost every turn. The unsatisfactory versions of the Civil War to be gotten from Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War* and Eléna de la Souchère's *Explanation of Spain*, to take two important books of recent years which overlap with Jackson's, suffer, in Thomas' case, from a neutral attitude and, in de la Souchère's, though she is French, from the stance of the right-wing Spanish Socialists with whom she has worked. Their treatment of the famous Calvo Sotelo speech in the Cortes on June 16, 1936, before the war broke out, and of its aftermath, is a good example of their methods. Sotelo, a monarchist and now a martyr in Franco Spain, was assassinated, and the Fascists circulated stories that during the Cortes debate he was threatened with death by both Casares Quiroga, the Left Republican Prime Minister, and La Pasionaria, a Communist deputy. Thomas writes a 4-page account of the details of the assassination, borrowed from both Fascist and Republican sources, dismisses in a footnote the allegation that La Pasionaria answered Sotelo, and states that the Prime Minister's so-called threat was simply an interpretation of the mon-

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archists'; de la Souchère, writing in 1964 long after Thomas' book, still repeats the story about La Pasionaria as fact but says nothing about Casares Quiroga in order to make the Communists alone responsible, a version with little relation to truth but one which suits the right-wing Socialists in Toulouse. Jackson not only deals simply with facts, dismissing as does Thomas, the Prime Minister's threat and not bothering with the disproved rumor about La Pasionaria, but is the only one to discuss the content of the Prime Minister's and Calvo Sotelo's speeches, which is, of course, the historical point at issue.

It is easy to discredit de la Souchère's arguments; for the average American reader one has only to state that she holds a partisan political point of view. But Thomas, who pretends to be neutral, and consequently objective, commands great appeal, since these qualities are generally considered admirable in a historian. Neutrality is, instead, a pitfall: neutral Thomas is at the mercy of every wayward fact and tall story, so that his overwritten book becomes, at times, a dense thicket. It takes assiduous checking of his footnotes to find out that by page 173, where he accepts the Fascist figures for the number of murders in Republican territory, he has already used Fascist sources at least forty times: *General Cause* or *La Cruzada*, the official white paper and the official history published, in both cases, by the Franco regime. One begins to suspect that Thomas' neutrality is as true as that of the Tory government during the war.

This is not the place for an analysis of Thomas' book, but it is necessary to consider it in order to describe the virtues of Jackson's. Jackson is not neutral, and he has not written his book to expound a point of view, for there is a minimum of theorizing in it and his liberal sympathies are implicit in his narrative. But within his point of view he maintains an objectivity with admirable rigor; unlike de la Souchère, he does not select or omit at will, but meets every problem head on. The question of the number of murders on the Republican side he reserves for a chapter in the appendix, and it is instructive to compare the careful judgment he arrives at with the blithe account Thomas gives. In fact, Jackson's subsidiary explanations are always a pleasure: his footnotes are a way of taking the reader into his confidence and involving him further in the narrative, not a game of one-upmanship or an onerous burden the reader comes to feel he must shoulder if he is to be "serious."

And, finally, Jackson also convinces by his style. He is always lucid and disarmingly simple, and one comes to believe that there is not a turgid, overextended sentence in the book because he never overreaches his facts. When he makes a judgment, consequently, it seems usually a felicitous expression of fact. On page 7, describing Alfonso XIII's dropping of the dictator Primo de Rivera, he says of the King, "always agile but never generous," so perfectly characterizing this monarch that one is tempted to give Jackson carte blanche for the rest of the book. It is a style that stands him in good stead: its clarity and his architectural sense of the configuration of events make prosaic periods interesting — such as the economic and political problems of the young Republic — and dramatic events, such as the assault on Madrid, quietly moving.

But every point of view seems to have its limits. If his frame — the view of the Civil War from within Spain — seems to narrow the discussion of the colonial aspect of the war by not going further into its significance for Germany and Italy, so does his implicit view of the uses of historical writing somewhat seal off the subject from the present day. I say somewhat because he does often draw analogies, as in the case, again, of the colonial character of the war, when he compares the treatment of the conquered areas with what has occurred in Algeria and the Congo. His point of view, which could be telescoped into the cliché of "bourgeois liberal," does not allow him to describe, say, the program of the Trotskyist POUM in more than a fair, sober and balanced way; I do not expect him to point to its relevance for the revolutionary Left in colonial countries where it is an important issue today, but it would be illuminating to consider why in Spain it has become the line of most leaders of the widespread student movement. Or why, within Spain, the left-wing parties have again come to the stance of working together as in 1936, and why some followers of the rightist Gil Robles have today evolved into the clandestine Christian Democrats who join the Left on many issues — while abroad the old leaders continue their sterile recriminations.

And, also, there are his anti-Communist assumptions. When he sticks to his tenet that "a historian must deal strictly with what happened," he is always fair, but on occasion he makes an unsupported judgment: the worst, perhaps, that the Spaniards were "the only Western European people to suffer directly the cynical Communist exploitation of the Popular Front ideal." It would have been important here to separate the tactical policies of the Stalinist leaders—and even their crimes, such as the illegal jails they maintained — from the major aims of the Communist movement: the Popular Front ideal was, after all, initiated by Dimitrov and "cynical exploitation" can simply mean that the Communists had socialism up their sleeves, something neither they nor the Socialists ever made any bones about. One could just as easily say, from their point of view, that the Left Republicans cynically exploited the fighting courage of the Communists to maintain a bourgeois capitalist democracy. We cannot do justice here to the damage done by the automatically anti-Communist response (see Christopher Lasch's "New Curriculum

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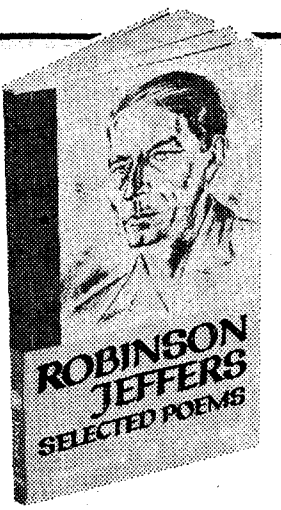

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For Teach-Ins," *The Nation*, October 18) and in Jackson's book it appears as an echo, not a thesis. Nor do I expect that Jackson, were he to agree with me, could reverse the process with his book, for it would take him far afield. But an effort must be made.

Another assumption Jackson makes is that the United States policy was simply one of neutrality, though in relating facts he is careful to state that Texaco was allowed to switch its supply of oil from the Republic to the Fascists. Were Jackson to question his own assumption about the Communists he would have come to the conclusion that the Communist leaders lied to their followers about some of their policies and actions. Were he to question his assumption about our neutrality he would have come to the conclusion that Roosevelt and Stimson and Hull lied to the American people about neutrality, that they never admitted, as they did to Bowers when he returned from his ambassadorial mission in Spain, that they had made a mistake. But the Communists fought for the Republic and met most nobly in the final defense of Madrid the consequences of their policy, whereas our opportunism in relation to Spain continues to this day.

These are important matters for a book on the Republic to deal with, and it is a tribute to Jackson that his book raises such questions: in a sense, his story is the explication of why a whole generation "felt a deeper emotional involvement in that war than in any other event of their lifetimes," and one sometimes wishes he had not confined this argument to the book's preface for, briefly stated, it can seem to a younger generation, as it did to one reviewer, hyperbole. We were all —from plain democrats to capital-C Communists—defeated in that war, and it is an unacceptable ending. The resolution of the Republic's defeat, thus, became the touchstone for the politics of the following decades: we began to doubt the aims of the anti-Nazi war when the 50,000 Republicans in the Maquis were not allowed to cross the border and tumble the Franco regime.

Jackson looks hard at the Spanish tragedy and concludes:

> *The Civil War, too, had a positive meaning which with time will transcend the suffering and destruction which were its immediate consequences. It is a terrible, and repeated, human dilemma that at times men have no choice between submission to tyranny and a war which will in all likelihood destroy many of the institutions they set out to defend. In July 1936 the Spanish people faced the alternatives of submission or resistance. . . . The majority fought to preserve Spain, and Europe, from tyranny. They were conquered, but they were not humiliated in their souls. The moral grandeur of a generous Republic and a titanic struggle for liberty will serve their spirit well in the future.*

Jackson's book serves this spirit well — there is none to match it — and since the Spaniards cannot today read it, it is we in the international audience who, after all, stand to gain from it. We must use it well.

A Wounded Generation

Ana María Matute

The all-encompassing title of this article requires qualification since I am able to discuss only a small but, in my opinion, representative group of authors — friends with whom I have lived, struggled, hoped, and with whom I feel deep ties of brotherhood. I am not a critic or a professor; therefore, I am not going to judge them because I am too close and because I am one of them. I plan, then, to talk about a group of boys with whom I grew up during a cruel Spanish Civil War. I can discuss only those who remained in Spain after the fighting because I lack the personal knowledge of their environment as writers to relate myself to the authors who were forced by circumstances to leave their homeland. I must look back to the childhood, the adolescence, of those writers: to the childhood which hounded them and is present in almost all the works of those of us who were children on that July 18, 1936, in Spain.

The Civil War was a decisive wound which marked forever my life as a writer, and the lives of all other Spanish writers of my generation. We were bewildered, curious, anxious spectators to the drama of our parents. We were middle class. The education received by the children of this class in pre-Civil War Spain generally kept them separate, distant from that world which did not consist of family and intimate friends. Nearly all of us attended a religious boarding school. In those years religious education, especially for girls, was extremely isolated and shut off from the world, which was pictured as something distant, atrocious, terribly dangerous, diabolical and corrupting.

But on July 18, 1936, the world changed before our eyes.

With that ambiguous feeling between surprise and rebellion which all children experience before actions they consider unjust, we were violently shown the other side of that world in which we had been so utterly submerged. Suddenly we were shown, with all its crudeness, that "atrocious" world, that world which had been damned for us in advance. Overnight, we children had to ask ourselves why the nuns from our school were wearing street clothes,

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Ana María Matute, one of Spain's leading novelists, won the Planeta Prize for her first novel, one of six important literary prizes awarded her twenty-six novels. School of the Sun *(Pantheon) and* The Lost Children *(Macmillan) have been published here. She is presently a Visiting Lecturer at the University of Indiana. This essay has been translated by A. Gordon Ferguson, associate professor of Spanish at Illinois State University.*

Height

I fear to take a step: along the edge
Of this precipice on which we balance, bearing our burdens,
Fingers appear, clutching; they are the climbers
From below, as we were, to this ample ledge.

May be when we go higher, on to some plateau
Filled with flowers, we will stoop and reach
Down to their hands as once one stooped to ours.
But now I fear to step, to see the faces
Of those who take the fingers under their heels.

Josephine Miles

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why they fled or hid; why our father's factory was no longer our father's; why had the good, clean, upright, honest, pleasing-to-the-sight-of-the-Lord world raised so much hatred? Who, if these were officially the good people, actually were the bad people? A handful of bewildered children, kneeling on the balconies, from behind half-closed shutters, observed the armed men, men they had never seen before, running through the streets: dark unfortunate men with faces of hunger and hate, with red handkerchiefs around their necks, were pointing rifles and machine guns at the "decent" houses.

The churches were burning. Why? What had happened? Why were these people shooting and burning the angels of our childhood? Men, women and children we didn't suspect existed: ragged, vociferous, consumed with an incomprehensible hatred, people we had never seen anywhere, people we never imagined could have lived in the same city with us. It was as if someone had opened a dam of seemingly peaceful, clean water, and at the bottom had appeared an unsuspected infinity of filth.

Around what we had considered to be immutably good or evil appeared a cloud of doubt. Who now could define the right hand or the left hand of God? Who could point this out decisively on what map, in what country, in what paradise? Where was goodness, justice? A thousand questions assaulted the world we had considered secure, sensible, unquestionable. In those hot days of July radio voices broke unleashed through the thick fear of night; men, women and children, surrounding a microphone, clamored, challenged, triumphed over a word, a word new to us: *liberty*.

A group of bewildered children observed; we were anxious, curious, expectant. A child of 10 is struck by these things and asks that incessant and obsessive question with the cutting simplicity of childhood: *Why*? And life—torn to pieces, violent, till then unknown, but certainly palpitating life—opened up before our eyes. The world was hunger. The world was hate. It was also the desire for justice; and it was egotism, fear, horror, cruelty and death. The life of the city was shaken by bloody revolution; war entered, like the wind, through cracks and windows.

But the war ended and we grew. I am not going to judge certain

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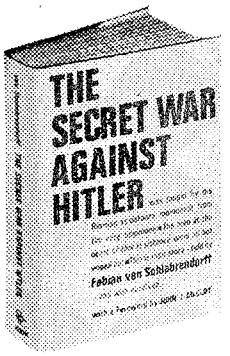

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sectors or tendencies of Spanish life of that time. I merely want to explain the facts and circumstances which define the attitudes of the generation of that handful of children precociously bewildered by the world. That group of children could never again be credulous, lacking in curiosity, or feel themselves in that privileged condition for which we had been prepared. Here, I believe, is the root of our literary vocation. In those boys the seed had germinated and nothing could kill it. They learned to think for themselves. They grew into questioning, nonconforming adolescents.

We witnessed yet another transformation—that change which years later in his book, *The Ditch*, Alfonso Grosso called, "the horrors of peace":

> *In place of grenades, food: in place of men, living or dead, food. Food, food of any kind. Food, to be eaten together by the conquerors and the conquered of a city which sooner or later would beat with the pulse of peace, the first horrors of peace; without cannon or alarms, only the shots against the wall at dawn, and hardly anything to eat.*

After the experience of war we were able to understand the great lesson of words not uttered, of bitten-off cries, and the great, dull silence of the increasingly oppressive gag over thousands of mouths, ears, eyes and, finally, over thoughts. Perhaps that group of incipient adolescent writers who wrote in search of a road to truth in a vast sea of myths and shadows, of mirages and blindness—a road on which to shout their opposition, their hopes and their still unanswered questions—should be called the group which hurled itself—we splattered ourselves—against silence. A silence dressed in indifference, in a world which suffocated itself in cotton. A world which covered its ears and eyes, and which neither shouted nor whispered, but only repeated.

We searched. We went down to the docks, to the slums, to the shanty towns, to the taverns. We sought the pulse and the heart of the people; we needed their words.

We grew up in difficult times for Spanish writers. The Spanish novel of those days could reflect nothing but a spurious hero or the definitive triumph of decency over indecency, of the angels over the demons: the "good guys" and the "bad guys" once again, as in the tales of our childhood.

We brought to the novel a new criterion. When we referred to the war, we simply called it the Civil War instead of the Glorious Uprising, or the Holy Crusade. But that was censored. So were words like *liberty*. There were certain relevant "taboos" in Spain. In the novels written in that epoch, no one, for example, committed suicide or adultery.

Those of us who were then 18 or 20 began to write in this suffocating environment. It was difficult. For five or ten years we were the rebellious children whom time would defeat and who were to be treated with a heavy hand. We struggled, but our worst enemy was not the open criticism, nor even the censor. It was the surrounding stupor, it was the indifference and disdain for anything literary or intellectual. No one read. No one was interested in literature. Most foreign books were prohibited by the censor, and even the majority of Spanish and foreign classics were expurgated. But we wanted to write, not for escape or for pleasure, but to denounce.

The censor dismembered our books.

I remember how we wrote, our discovery of forbidden books in the back of certain bookstores, our discovery of new names, of new literary tendencies, in the shelter of silence, always silence. We were born to this vocation, breaking our heads against the systematic *no*, against the opposition and the negations. Between aseptic indifference and bought critics who labeled as Existentialist all they did not understand or approve, we turned our eyes back to the war. And this is easily explained since we had watched it with ignorant, open eyes as it penetrated us; it finally became

A Little Battle

American correspondents in Spain are often so heartened by announced liberalization measures of the Franco regime that continuance of its authoritarian strictures, which is the real story, tends to be overlooked. No note has been taken of the cancellation of a scheduled concert by Raimón, a young Valencian singer whose talents and following are roughly analogous to those of our Bob Dylan. His songs draw on folk and rock-and-roll rhythms, and his lyrics, in Valencian Catalan, are undisguised social protest. That all last winter he held concerts and his recordings were widely circulated was an example of another anomalous development in Spain's cultural life. By spring, however, the regime had caught up with it: no single new recording or concert performance was approved by the censorship, a situation which, without publicity, continued through the summer.

We have been in correspondence with one of his student followers, a young man who describes himself as a Left Socialist. (Raimón is something of an idol of Spain's New Left. They see in his success a victory for free expression as well as a particular gain for the Valencian-Catalan nationalist movement, since to sing in the Catalan language is in itself a form of protest.) A concert in Madrid had been approved for November 1. The day after its announcement all seats were sold out. Shortly thereafter the student wrote:

"I had already told you that the concert was taking place and all seats were sold out. . . . We'd won, we thought, a little battle. Our own kind of left-wing point of view had gained *entré* in Madrid. We were accepted. This fact, as symbol of our present sad position, had importance. Real importance for us!

"But we weren't able to win this little battle. We couldn't win it because we couldn't wage it. I was with Raimón the night, just a few days before the concert, when he got the call: the Minister himself—Fraga Iribarne—had just cancelled Raimón's appearance. But Raimón went to Madrid. And sang; he sang at the university, high schools, and at the UNESCO Club. At the club there was already an overflow audience two hours before his arrival. A thousand people sat in the street outside waiting for him. A demonstration was attempted. And that's when we had our little battle, after all, a tiny little battle. It ended with his being again prohibited from performing and with the deployment of numerous armed jeeps. In my country, everything ends like this, under a gray sky the same color as the uniform of the police."

The Editors

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a way of seeing, vision itself. But the brilliance of what was revealed hurt us; and we were cut off from it, suddenly and brutally. We were surrounded only by echoes, distant rumblings. The words "liberty" and "the rights of man" were torn from our writings and erased from our program. And social justice, that justice for which we were clamoring, they changed to the word "charity."

But that memory of war to which we turned our eyes with increasing insistence brought us names. Our generation grew without writers to emulate. As an example of the arbitrariness of these prohibitions, Dostoevski was forbidden almost entirely, as were Balzac and *Anna Karenina* —or they were mutilated. Almost all the contemporary writers of France, Italy and the United States were forbidden. Also prohibited were our own Baroja, Valle Inclán, Ortega y Gasset, a large portion of Unamuno and Clarín, not to mention the work of those who were forced to leave the country for political reasons.

The silence increased, extended, and the youth, our friends, their backs turned to ideas, became excited only over football. The young people did not talk about literature or politics: they did not even know what it meant. I remember how we sought one another out and found ourselves. Our enthusiastic discussions, our fellowship, our seeking one another's hand blindly in the midst of the hermetic and scornful environment. We did not exist. The few who read us either scolded us or treated us indulgently; we were the *enfants terribles* whom time would subdue. We would grow and turn to "normal" literature and to "normal" ways.

The official censor was no worse than that other censor, those people who would write letters to the editor saying: "Don't give those disagreeable writers access to your magazine. When I drive up to my home in my Fiat "600" and get ready for my coffee, I sit down and read your weekly, and then the misery of other people comes right into my home. I don't want to know about all that, I just want to live in peace." At least we were breaking the terrible apathy, and moving something, a conscience, an indignation, a comfortableness. They attacked us, they forbade us, but by doing so they affirmed our existence. We were saying something, we shouted for something, and they began to hear us.

Around us the awakening was slow. The wound of the war was still open and the consequences of that wound were still throbbing. The young writers no longer wrote about fraudulent heroes with whom the man in the street found it hard to identify, the man who struggled in a daily state of siege with life's difficulties. We still had our frank curiosity, our lack of conformity and the desire for social justice. We could no longer be satisfied with their ambiguous word: "charity." Charity on Sunday afternoon, with formulas to quiet their conscience and to elude incontrovertible duties. We still asked *Why?* We wrote about the men and women who did not have time to think about their psyches because they were hungry, poor, worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, and didn't know how to read or write. Except for writers like Camilo José Cela or Miguel Delibes the traditional novel still focused on stale and petty problems. A new wind swept away these pedantic, strictly stylistic preoccupations, as the wind sweeps papers from a vacant lot.

The memory of the war throbbed in those who were only 10 in July, 1936. That memory, that possibility which made Armando López Salinas write in *The Mine*, twenty years later, of a conversation between two farm hands who were fruitlessly looking for a day's work in the fields of Andalusia:

. . . Have you never seen a town shouting in the streets, giving long life to liberty? I'll never forget it. The people milled through the streets hugging each other. They put the flag up on the town hall without firing a shot. That came later. Everything went to pot; they killed my father and my brother in the middle of the street. . . .

Once I heard about dividing the land among the poor, but that was too good to be true. In any case it was a good idea, they had us at heart. One lives on hope. Then everything went to hell.

Jesús Fernández Santos, in his marvelous book, *Shaved Head*, a series of short stories about the Spanish Civil War, presents, perhaps better than anyone, the sensations of the child who is bewildered and curious as he faces the exodus of families fleeing bombardments around Madrid, the constant sensation of fleeing. The curiosity of those children who run toward the unknown, the sensation of something different happening in their lives, something not in accord with the explanations of their parents. One story, "Far from Madrid," provides these sensations of flight and discovery:

Ever since the front line had cut the railroad, leaving the father on the other side, the three — the mother and the two children—were retreating, further and further, listening to the orders to evacuate. The days passed in rapid succession, like the towns, the trains filled with soldiers, the new control officers that each morning brought. White lonely villages. Impassive old people, unknown children, looking without greeting, sitting or squatting at the edge of the road. The plains, burning mesas, undulated with the convoy and were left behind unnoticed. Razed churches. Fountains which still flowed, lonely and silently; but above all, the silence of the people, their hostile manner, wary, the fear of the war. And with fear, excitement, the unexpected every day. . . .

And in the short story, "Cousin Rafael," the curiosity of children going out to play and running toward the abandoned trenches to discover, for the first time, the body of a dead soldier. He writes with all the surprise and horror of those children:

He ducked down in the trench again, examining the bottom. The

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younger boy looked up at the resinous trunks of the trees. . . . He could see the boiling surge of ants, hundreds of them, always moving in the same direction. They seemed to converge on some dwarf pines, clumped under a larger truncated one. They asked each other what that dark immobile shape was that blackened the foot of its trunk. Suddenly the wind stopped rustling in the pines and a penetrating odor seemed to filter into their very bones. He ran down the hill ahead of cousin Rafael who followed frightened, stumbling, scratching his legs and arms. "Shut up. They'll hear you. They'll hear you down at the house." But he could only cry. More and more. His whole body was excited. The frightened older boy said: "It was a dog. A burned dog. . . ." "No, no. . . . I saw it. I saw it first, right away. . . . No," repeated the smaller boy. He remembered it well. He remembered the legs were intact—they had not burned—and the twisted, unbuttoned boots.

Impelled by curiosity, these boys of Fernández Santos, though panic-stricken, run to uncover the unknown. The sensation that something was happening, something big, atrocious, different. A world opens up and one has to know what it is, without blinking, even unto the depths of horror. Perhaps as a possibility of salvation. Again, in the story, "The End of the War," the sensation of something lost, defeated, dark and obscure, floats on these pages:

Distant, single firing would once in a while bring back the memory of a war in which no one, sheltered in the pines, had managed to take part. Only changes of front lines, different trenches with the same dirty parapets, boring changes of the guard, and a long unsatisfied hunger . . . rumors of surrender, of nightly desertions.

In his novel, *El Jarama*, Ferlosio Sánchez pictures youth with its back turned, cloistered youth that did not know the war. A conforming, unfulfilled, unworried youth. There is a moment in which this youth that followed us turned its eyes back to the war:

"In the war I believe there were a lot of people killed on this very river." "Yes, further up in Paracuellos of the Jarama they had some of the worst fighting, but the line went all along the river, even to Titulcia." "Titulcia?" "Haven't you ever heard of it? An uncle of mine fell during the offensive right in the town. That's how I know about it." Mely said, "Just think, this was the front and there were so many killed, and we were swimming so peacefully, just as if nothing had happened." "Probably there was a cadaver right where you put your foot." Lucita interrupted, "That's enough! Why bring these things up now?" The other three came back. Miguel said, "What were you talking about?" "Nothing, Lucita doesn't like stories about the dead." "What dead?" "Those killed in the war." "Oh! . . . those, by the way, what time is it?"

Antonio Ferres, in one brief phrase of his novel, *The Squad*, sums up this sensation when one of the men who is building a hut in a slum of Madrid says:

"Don't you have any parents?" "A grenade got them during the war and someone pulled me out of the ruins. I am twenty years old. All I have left from the war is this." Luis pointed to a scar on his left cheek. "Only that?" said the other.

We all look back to the war; for a page, a sentence, a word; always our eyes turn to the war. We did not have a miserable childhood, nor were we hungry; but in spite of the fact of being middle class, we are not content. We write, many years after the end of the war, because we are not happy and because we do not conform. Nor are we sleeping, blind or dead. We write because writing is a form of protest: a protest while we have life and strength against all that represents oppression, hypocrisy and injustice.

Poor Boy Spreads His Wings

THE PAINTED BIRD. By Jerzy Kosinski. Houghton Mifflin Co. 272 pp. $4.95.

Anne Halley

A survivor's story, *The Painted Bird*, belongs to that 20th-century genre which teaches us that our daily and clear, comforting separation of "real" experience from nightmare, of objective event from the sequestered madman's fantasy is neither natural nor enduring; human life under the rule of reason, of something like charity and love, is life under a special dispensation, a lucky historical accident, limited, a luxury. From the survivor out of the Polish villages we can learn again what—drifting down aisles in a mass-discount-comfort culture and in spite of riots and demonstrations—we may try to forget; human life, the cheapest thing there is, can be maintained and has been for centuries in the midst of chaos, brutality, organized and disorganized ill will.

The other genre to which this survivor's tale must, I think, be linked is a good deal older. We know this story and these actors, have them in our bones, although we have usually met them in symbolic, more bearable, differently fictionalized and selected detail: Hansel and Gretel in the witch's hut; "The Poor Boy in the Grave";

Anne Halley teaches English at the University of Massachusetts. She is the author of Between Wars and Other Poems *(Gehenna Press).*

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Chinese Poems

Kenneth Rexroth

I.

Day after day the rain falls.
Week after week the grass grows.
Year after year the river flows.
Seventy years, seventy years,
The wheel of dreams revolves.
Wang Hung Kung

II.

A thousand mountains without a bird.
Ten thousand miles with no trace of man.
A boat. An old man in a straw raincoat,
Alone in the snow, fishing in the freezing river.
Liu Tsung-yuan

III.

I will always remember you
Entering the gate of childhood in the season
When plum blossoms give way to cherry blossoms.
Wang Hung Kung

"Jorinda and Joringel." The peasants, the millers and blacksmiths, the bird catcher, soldiers, toothless crones, priests and plowboys, among whom the narrator spent the war years—the abandoned child himself—are deep in our consciousness: not only Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, but *fabliaux*, Chapbooks and *Volksbücher*, the *Simplicissimus* Thirty Years' War chronicle, superstitions and customs brought by our grandparents out of old-country villages, are random examples only of where we have met both the actions and characters in this book.

Thus, a dark-haired, olive-skinned boy of 6—a child who looks like a Jew or gypsy—is sent in 1939 to stay out the war with a peasant woman. After the foster mother's sudden death, the story becomes a nightmarish, blow-by-blow account of the child's partly passive, learning-to-struggle survival: the blows are literal, of course, for clubs and whips and switches and cudgels and flails are the ordinary implements of peasant life. The child wanders, dodging and fleeing from village to village, from cruel master to master, and must usually watch the occasional kindly host meet a violent end. The peasants fear the boy's black eyes, his Jewish or gypsy "otherness"; he is thought to be a kind of changeling or child of darkness. Defined by his darkness alone, and powerless without goods or protectors, he is tolerated, exploited, tortured, not quite murdered, forgotten in good seasons, but blamed for bad.

The various episodes, no doubt based on experience, seem to embody and play on recognizable folk-tale motifs, always with that "realistic" twist, or reversal, which shows that there is neither justice, nor reason, nor black or white magic to help one in extremity. Only chance. When the foster mother, a passable witch, burns with her hut, the child is *not* restored to joyful parents—though here, in the first episode, he fully expects to be. Foundlings and strangers are not given bed and board by the poor because they are our Lord in disguise, or may have three wishes to dispense. They are Jews to be misused and turned over to the German ovens. The bird catcher and his beloved are not noble youth and maid but aging, half-mad outcasts who—instead of turning into birds or a flowering bush—are ultimately kicked to death by the other peasants; goats do not turn into princes although peasant girls may love them; the crucifix does not speak, miraculously, for the innocent; to be held under ice or to be thrown into and nearly drowned in a manure pit does not, like the fairy-tale fall-down-the-well, lead to a gentler, magic country but only to the hero's emergence into more cruel trials; the huntsman who is ordered to perform the ritual killing is, interestingly enough, a German soldier who allows the boy to escape. The narrator does not marry the king's daughter after his trials: for a while at least he "marries" the Red Army, whose soldiers rescue him. With the Russian soldiers he is given the change of clothing so important in folk tales for change of identity: not princely garments, but a uniform and a Red Star. Finally, restored by means of the traditional identifying birthmark to his parents, the boy enters not the "happily ever after," but that complex disorganized postwar society, in which ultimately even the saving hagiography of Stalin as protective, hard-working Father, and the ideal of a rational Collective will turn out disproved fairy tales.

The book's epilogue, however, attempts to reverse the bitterly ironic

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anti-fairy-tale pattern: in what seems to me an odd reversal, Mr. Kosinski finds that the freedom and independence, which he learned among the peasants, were subject only to "the limits of his own determination and skill." He implies that America today may be a comparable, fit habitat for the man determined to survive and spread his wings. We may nevertheless hope for a world less natural, less governed by accident, inherited fear, superstition and the brutality that is no one's fault because it has always existed: I mean, a society less traditional, perhaps, in which even those of the wrong color can survive with a less heroic effort of skill and determination, and with less reliance on their luck.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

VARESE

In the few days that have passed since the death of Edgard Varèse, no thought about music could be far from the sharp awareness of what it has meant to us and to music that he lived and composed. One suddenly became conscious that an essential part of every sonic experience in our musical lives was in some way shaped for us by the encounter with Varèse, by what his music taught us and enabled us to hear. At the concert given by the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music two days after he died, Harvey Sollberger's gesture in playing the *Density 21.5* in Varèse's memory was almost superfluous; for his memory was alive in every aspect of the program that had been previously scheduled. The activity itself was a descendant of Varèse's pioneer efforts with the International Composers' Guild at a harsh and lonely time for advanced music in America. The early music on the program recalled Varèse's own days as a choral conductor and his lifelong impatience with the limitations of modern "tempered" tuning. In the Boulez *Mallarmé Improvisation No. 2*, the isolated clusters of timbrally striking sound events recalled a quality first revealed as a fundamental articulative resource by Varèse. Milton Babbitt's live-electronic *Vision and Prayer* not only recalled that Varèse dreamed of electro-acoustic means of sound production and control long before anyone else had even conceived of their possibility, but also that even this pre-eminently pitch music of Babbitt, with its sonic restraint and continuous unfolding, is nonetheless steeped in the dimension of spatial articulation that was another of Varèse's great discoveries. The idea is so fundamentally embedded in the electronic medium with its characteristic multiple sound sources that it is astonishing to realize that Varèse first conceived and successfully projected it with conventional instruments. And finally, the sharp separation of sound levels in Charles Wuorinen's new Chamber Concerto for oboe and ten players was, despite the work's undeniable originality and compositional sophistication, obviously composed out of the powerful experience of Varèse's work.

But perhaps the most impressive evidence of Varèse's continuing vitality for our musical lives has been the remarkable impact and excitement that his own music still generates in performance. Despite the paucity of works (he destroyed some early pieces, and a fire destroyed many others; later, he abandoned composition for almost twenty years out of the bitter realization that under the then prevailing conditions his works could never be adequately played), and despite the fact that most of these works were more than thirty years old, and their composer was well over 80, the younger generation of composers, performers and listeners has found in them the same kind of contemporary immediacy that, more predictably, it found in the music of his middle-generation successors, from Babbitt and Carter to Wolpe and Shapey. It was, indeed, Varèse's music that most obviously required the new virtuosity in contemporary-music performance to rescue it from its previous neglect, and it is surely his work that has most *stunningly rewarded it.*

As a result, no Varèse memorial concerts will be needed to bring his music to our attention; his work has been standard repertory for all the new-music groups so abundantly formed in recent years. Only last season the University of Chicago's Contemporary Chamber Players presented an all-Varèse concert in Carnegie Hall, Gunther Schuller conducted *Intégrales* for the Columbia Group, and *Déserts* also appeared on Leonard Bernstein's 1964 *avant-garde* series. Last summer the MacDowell Colony honored Varèse in a remarkable convocation at which both Aaron Copland and Milton Babbitt discussed his work. This season, his *Equatorial* had already been scheduled by the recently formed Rutgers new-music ensemble, the Columbia Group had announced the in-progress *Nuit*, and the Schuller Twentieth-Century Innovations series was awaiting another newly composed work. Long before his death, the advanced musical journals on the Continent and in England, as well as in America, were filled with talk about and concern for his music and its significance.

And even in a negative sense, the quality of Varèse's musical presence has constantly been returning to consciousness since his death. At the Pittsburgh Symphony's Schoenberg concert, for example, one could not help being struck by what an extraordinarily different sonic world Varèse inhabited—and hence created for us—from any in the work of even his most masterly contemporaries. Indeed, the famous Varèsian antipathy to Schoenberg's music that proved so irresistible to at least one grudging obituarist must have been almost a necessary condition for the realization of such a difficult and isolated vision as Va-

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rèse's. Whatever we eventually find to say about his work, the one observation that has come back again and again is that of all the really original 20th-century masters, it was Varèse who conceived and projected a sound that seemed to derive from no previous music—as did those of Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and even Webern.

But Varèse's place in our musical lives was far more personal as well. His interest in and involvement with the New York musical community was so unremitting that literally up to the very last moment his presence was an invariable and indispensable aspect of every important new-music concert. Moreover, there is hardly anyone who was ever a young "advanced" composer in New York during the past thirty years who cannot count among his treasured professional experiences the remarkable sympathy and interest with which Varèse looked at his scores and listened to their performances.

We served on committees with him, we encountered him constantly in the homes of musicians and in his own, and it is indeed true, as *The New York Times'* editorial obituary so patronizingly noted, that he was loved and revered as a father figure by all of New York's *avant-gardes*, just as he was a monumental presence to the international artistic community. This, assuredly, is a far truer measure of Varèse's historical position than that "ultimate place in history" invariably invoked to avoid acknowledging the existence of a real musical world of the present. The only history in which we can presume to judge or even be legitimately concerned with Varèse is our own—to what other could he have possibly belonged? And in that history, Varèse's magnificent place is secure.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

HOGAN'S GOAT

William Alfred, author of *Hogan's Goat*, is reported to have said that the critics told him what the play is about. One may suppose that there was a concealed irony in the statement. On the other hand the admission may be a clue to a flaw in Mr. Alfred's interesting play.

Its theme, according to another remark ascribed to the playwright, has to do with the "human tendency to think you can get away with anything and take it back"—in a word, retribution. One pays for one's errors, no matter how forgivable they may be. Without being pretentious, the play aims at tragedy. Its failure in this respect does not invalidate its merits nor diminish its attractiveness. What gives the play color and its special quality, apart from its writing, is its "historical" aspect.

The story concerns the Irish immigrants in the Brooklyn of 1890. It was a separate town at the time and the dramatic action centers upon the mayoralty fight between two men: Matthew Stanton, 37, who had come a poor boy from his native land only twelve years before, and old Edward Quinn, long the incumbent Mayor, a cynical, corrupt, determined politico, typical of old Tammany. It is a struggle for power which Quinn clings to because he knows himself to be worthless without it, and which Stanton covets in order to make something of himself in America. Stanton is a reform candidate, bent on throwing out the old rascal, but in his hunger for power he is as ruthless as the boss he would replace. The reformer —"house devil and street saint"—is not wholly aware of the poisons which are bred by his drive to win.

The rather complicated and somewhat melodramatically old-fashioned plot concerns Aggie Hogan, first Quinn's mistress, then Stanton's. (On this account Stanton has come to be nicknamed "Hogan's Goat.") Believing her to have been unfaithful, Stanton abandons Aggie whom he has secretly married. He hides this fact, goes to London for a while where he marries a well-born Irish girl and returns with her to Brooklyn. She feels herself exiled amid the roughs and toughs in her new home and suffers a sharp sense of guilt because she was married only by civil law.

On the basis of this past history Quinn is able to frustrate his rival's bid for power, but not until Stanton, to prevent his wife from leaving him (she has learned of his unavowed marriage), pushes her down a flight of stairs. This leads to her death, his arrest and to Quinn's ultimate defeat because of his connection with the scandal.

In writing his play, Mr. Alfred seems to have been impelled by various ambitions. To begin with, the above-stated intention is implied in such lines as "There are some things in life you can't take back"—the plot consequence of which is that not only the sinner but also the innocent are destroyed. Concomitant with this thought is the idea that in the quest for power lie the seeds of crime.

Further, the author wished to recreate the Irish Brooklyn of old with its mixture of religiosity, ignorance, provincial charm, fecklessness and brutality—the sweetly rancid festering of our ghettos in their growth and in their dissolution. Finally there is the purely literary striving (Mr. Alfred is a professor of English at Harvard) to envelop and elevate all this material through the use of modern verse forms, language which makes poetic patterns of the vernacular.

These several motivations do not altogether coalesce in *Hogan's Goat*. The play is diffuse; it imparts a sense of riding on different tracks to a destination which may be important but which is never reached. Though the characters are ably and often engagingly drawn—notably the crusty monster Quinn—none of them has

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sufficient size or originality to confer tragic dimension. The plot is "pushed" to make its point, and the point, being extremely serious, is not acceptable on the basis of the play's contrivance. One becomes stubborn in such cases, saying to oneself: "I know that what is being said is supposed to be a religious verity, but since it has been demonstrated through patent artifice I refuse to believe or be moved by it."

Still something remains which holds our attention and commands respect. Though the surface is conventional (there are certain old plays and recent novels about similar situations), we are persuaded that we are seeing not simply a story of the Irish in old Brooklyn but a part of the social history that shaped us. We seem to witness the development of our cities through talent, energy, industry, rascality, fraud and idealism. The play not only tells us about those crooks of occasional genius who built the metropolises; it makes us feel and understand them. The American past, nearly always travestied in Hollywood, is rarely used with authentic sensibility on the stage. Our drama seems to have no background in history before 1912 at the earliest. Plays written about us before that time were in virtually all instances even more bogus than the films.

The verse used in *Hogan's Goat* gratifies the ear and, on the whole, convinces as a fitting theatrical medium. The gap between the kind of metaphors and images employed and the characters who speak them is not wide enough to be discomfiting. The happiest touches are short phrases, bits of picturesque insult and homely quips. Except for a speech describing the immigrants' voyage to America in steerage, the sustained passages are less telling. There are flights of rhetoric which either are false to character in their dramatic context, or sound as if the author were taking time out to prove himself a poet. This artistic laxity results in technical awkwardness.

One is scrupulous in noting these faults because it is not enough in the case of a fundamentally worth-while effort by a gifted new writer to rejoice that he has achieved something of a hit, that he has added to the support of such an undertaking as The American Place Theatre—which last season brought us Robert Lowell's *The Old Glory*. One must regard the event as a hearty step in a difficult course which demands critical stricture as well as encouragement.

The play is aptly staged and produced in direction by Frederick Rolf and in scenic investiture by Kert Lundell. The company as a whole is very well cast in regard to type; its acting makes a generally favorable impression ranging from the amiably stock to the commendably adequate, and mounting in excellence to Michaele Myers' performance, touching and humorous, as a neighborhood bawd.

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LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

the K.K.K. investigation, but Mrs. Crane is disingenuous when she attributes the absence of demonstrators to Capitol regulations. The proceedings would assuredly have been livelier if it was her group that was being probed. And with all deference to the Rev. Dr. King, I must stand on my observation that, whatever the inclinations of the subcommittee members, the hearings have not constituted an attack, direct or indirect, on the civil rights movement. As for Mrs. Crane's interpretation of what the Congressmen are deviously trying to accomplish, that bespeaks an overheated imagination; no one outside of her immediate circle believes that this investigation can redeem HUAC in liberal hearts. . . .

I shall not don mourning if the Court finally does put HUAC out of business, but my assignment was to report on what was happening in the caucus room, not to stoke up the hopes of zealous readers.

Walter Goodman

The homosexual evasion

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Justice for Homosexuals" (Nov. 8), confuses by combining disparate issues. The imperative of "due process" for deviates, as for other offenders, is clear; their human as well as legal rights must be scrupulously honored. But your special pleading for legalizing "homosexual relations between consenting adults" conveys only a plausible fuzz of meaning, in Francis Bacon's phrase. Citing Learned Hand has become sheer ritualism; in this area, "Homer nodded," as Hand said of Holmes in another context.

The postulate that discretion and privacy in the practice of deviant sex behavior may be the difference between a wrongful and a lawful act is clearly inadmissible. Can incest or lying with an animal be so immunized against societal disapproval? Legitimizing what for centuries have been regarded as abominations is wholly outside our moral custom. Law, if it is to be viable, must reflect mores. And, it has always been one of the proper objectives of criminal law to reaffirm societal norms in order to maintain respect for and the integrity of those norms.

To legalize homosexual conduct, however practiced, is an injustice to society's future. It is a different matter to urge that its victims be treated medically, psychiatrically, etc., rather than by traditional legal sanctions. Our aim should be not to accept but to abort it by proper education, parental and otherwise, and to treat and rehabilitate the unfortunates who have fallen into this unwholesome indulgence. This would be true compassion. To legalize homosexuality, then, is an evasion of the problem which both the individual and society face. It does not represent "justice for homosexuals"—nor compassion!

Samuel H. Hofstadter
Justice of the Supreme Court
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